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IT IS NOW NINE YEARS since a little group of men and women of virtually no administrative experience, economists and dreamers, the major part of whose lives had been spent in Siberian prisons or in exile, forcibly took over the power in the Russian state. Russia was then a chaos of political factions, a frantic, starving, disease-swept debating society, into the heart of which the Kaiser was steadily pushing his legions. In this situation the Bolsheviks, numerically the smallest of the political groups, agreed on a course. In effect they said to the debaters: "We have decided to take the helm and steer steadily thus. Our direction may possibly be wrong, but at least we shall no longer be drifting. Any of you gentlemen who disagrees with us will have to be chucked overboard." Thus the debating ended. The men at the wheel were, at least, realists—ruthless, dogmatic, welded together with a common purpose and a self-imposed Spartan discipline which they have been ready to enforce despite its cruel toll. There followed four years of civil strife, invasion, blockade, with a steady acceleration of starvation and disease. Various Czarist adventurers—Wrangel, Denikin, et al.—looked like good investments to foreign imperialists interested in acquiring Russian oil, manganese, iron, and timber for the price of supplying the warriors with munitions, cash, and champagne. But the Russian peasant, weary as he was of exchanging bayonet-thrusts with German workingmen, had brought his rifle home with him, and was quite willing to fight for his newly won farm against the Czarist landlords. So Kolchak was crushed, and Denikin was chased into the Black Sea, and by 1920 Lenin and his colleagues found themselves masters of the ruins of what remained of the former Russian Empire.

THE BOLSHEVIKI are still masters of Russia; and a study of their policies and of Russia's progress as recorded in *The Nation's* annual special issues reveals an amazing process of successful adaptation and material advancement during the last six years. In the course of our editorial remarks on Soviet production a year ago the following statement appears: "Agriculture and industry have each risen 71 per cent of pre-war figures; next year they are estimated at 89 and 91 per cent, respectively." It is always interesting to compare estimates with actual results. The figures reported in other pages of this issue indicate that the year's production exceeded these official prognostications in both fields. Russia's grain harvest this year was 93 per cent of the pre-war amount; her industrial production rose to 95 per cent. This material improvement has not been accomplished without heavy cost, both political and economic. Some of the cost is described in Mr. Fischer's article, which exposes the roots of Russia's recent political crisis and the serious effects of her credit famine. Russia has come up to her present level of productivity with none of the financial sustenance that has kept the rest of Europe afloat. But she wants credits in order to stabilize her internal life and keep industry moving. Economically speaking, Russia deserves financial backing; her sins are political. To get adequate credits requires in the long run the recognition of the United States. Meanwhile the Coolidge Administration continues to base its policy on the pompous, ignorant moralizings of the State Department and the vindictive anger of Mr. Hoover. It is to be hoped that before too long it will heed the changed tone of bankers and business men and read with attention the special editions of Wall Street newspapers devoted to impressive expositions of Russian progress.

CHINA'S CIVIL WAR has stopped for breath. The Canton armies have swarmed over nearly half of China, and the next step may well be negotiation rather than new battles. The gallant little army from the South has suffered heavy losses and needs time to organize civil administration in its rear. Its first attempt to take Shanghai—by the Russian method of stirring up revolt within the enemy's ranks—has failed; but no one who knows the Chinese Nationalists believes that the first attempt will be the last. Meanwhile, of course, Canton's enemies, however much they may have fought each other in the past, are patching up a skin-saving peace with each other. Sun Chuan-fong, master of Shanghai, may swear blood brotherhood with Chang Tso-lin, the war-lord of the North, but he

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is unlikely to renounce his ambition to rule his native province of Shantung, held now by one of Chang's henchmen. These ambitious personalities cannot in the long run prevail against the cohesive force of Nationalist principles. The next step may well be the reemergence of Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General" of the North, as an ally of Canton. He has just returned from Moscow, where they teach nationalism and internationalism with equal zeal.

ANOTHER BLOW has befallen the British Liberals. Commander J. M. Kenworthy, one of the most gallant fighters in the war and an equally gallant combatant in Parliament for the rights of small nationalities and oppressed peoples everywhere, has announced his withdrawal from the Liberals and is joining the Labor Party. Here is an important accession, for he is a pugnacious fighter who asks innumerable annoying questions of the front bench and does not hesitate to say what he thinks of governmental adventures in imperialism. He has accompanied his resignation with an appeal to Lloyd George to follow him into the other tent. This will, of course, be in vain, although that pirate captain now commands a mere handful of followers who are not even united in their devotion to him—some of them hate him. We are well aware that prominent English publicists believe that the day is not far distant when there will be a revival of Liberalism, thinking as they do that the British middle class stands at least for Liberalism. Unfortunately for them, the determinant economic power of the middle class has passed from it. The revival may come, but it is not in sight today, and neither is a personality able to lead the parliamentary representatives of Liberalism out of their present slough. In this, however, the plight of the Liberals is little worse than that of the other parties and of the trade unions.

MEANWHILE, THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE has reached its unhappy end. Thanks to Mr. Baldwin and his Government, it is a victory for the mine-owners which is in sight, a victory so complete that it should satisfy the most vindictive of the coal barons. Yet it is a Pyrrhic victory, for the miners will go back to work with bitterness and justified anger in their hearts, accepting lower wages and longer hours—it is the first time in the history of the British labor movement that hours of work have been lengthened. Yet that the lengthening will not increase measurably the total output of the coal mines is the belief of all who have studied the situation. At the close of a gallant fight which has lasted six months, where the most optimistic thought it could endure only four, the trade unions are rent asunder, bankrupt, at loggerheads with one another. It is a tempting opportunity for the worst of the Conservative bitter-enders to attack the entire trade-union movement. If they do, it should mean a Labor Government within two years.

THE RESIGNATION OF HENRY N. BRAILSFORD as editor of the *New Leader* is a grave loss to British journalism and to the labor movement, for Mr. Brailsford possesses honesty, courage, an analytical mind, and is never without constructive suggestions. Under his guidance the *New Leader* has achieved a large circulation, but it has apparently not been large enough to suit the directors, who, according to reports, are credited with the desire to popularize it and cheapen it. Mr. Brailsford has been singularly free from that imperialistic bias which is too often the besetting sin of British journalists. He has clearly visioned the Russian situation and he has incessantly appealed for the ending of all bickerings and dissensions in the European and British labor movements. A controversy with J. Ramsay MacDonald, when he was Prime Minister, made many of the friends of both men unhappy during the brief life of the Labor Government. But no one questions Mr. Brailsford's motives or his belief that in criticizing Mr. MacDonald as he did he was serving the cause to the best of his ability. There are so few of his type remaining in journalism that his retirement is a calamity.

"ADVERTISING," President Coolidge told the Advertising Association in convention assembled, "ministers to the spiritual side of trade." Further, it is a great educator, and a driving force in the elimination of economic waste. Further, it is "the most potent influence in adapting and changing the habits and modes of life, affecting what we eat, what we wear, and the work and play of a whole nation." We agree with the latter pronouncement, and only wish it were not so true. One hundred and fifteen million Robots walking the chalkline of the national advertiser; walking a mile for the skin you love to touch; four out of five asking the man who owns one; with a little fairy in the home, and happiness in every box, listening to the master's voice. . . . With the first pronouncement we would also agree if the word "spiritual" could be changed to "mystical." The goods we consumers buy advance upon us from behind a great smoke-screen of advertising, brewed by astute psychologists in vast retorts where shame, envy, fear, pride, love, and every other human emotion are skilfully blended to "break down sales resistance," stimulate wants, create new facts, and force us to buy, buy, buy, until it hurts, hurts, hurts! Of the value, the utility, the relative cost of the goods themselves we learn nothing whatever from advertising.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT when it buys soap and ink and textiles pays no attention to pretty girls on the backs of magazines nor yet to supersalesmen with pants like the Prince of Wales's. It pays attention to instructions from the Bureau of Standards, where skilled chemists, physicists, and laboratory experts are busily engaged in debunking advertising and getting at fundamental values. This debunking process saves the Government $100,000,000 every year. Could consumers at large avail themselves of such a service the savings would run into the billions, the bulk of competitive advertising would evaporate like a pricked balloon, and the sodden lockstep in which we move would be snapped and broken. If advertising flour, tooth paste, crackers, hats, perfumes, handkerchiefs educates, so does the Rev. William Sunday; and if it makes for the elimination of waste, so does a superdreadnaught. If President Coolidge had really thought before he read the paper which some bright go-getter probably handed to him he would have realized that most advertising creates the waste which all his New England blood abhors, and that its great virtue lies in the escape it provides for Henry Dubb and his wife into a dream world of shining teeth, creamy complexions, culture by the yard, success in the snappy lessons, perfect-fitting union suits, regularized digestive apparatus, and—at the last—marble mausoleums where "you, too, may have consolation in Cypress Hills Abbey."

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NOTE ON NEWSPAPERS: Ogden Mills, Republican candidate for Governor of the State of New York, waged his campaign on the issue that New York City's milk supply was bad and that Tammany officials were responsible. He cited, somewhat vaguely, analyses of city milk samples made for him by a chemist. Finally, in the last weeks of the campaign, the chemist was discovered. He made a full statement that:

> No harmful or injurious matter was disclosed by these analyses. . . . With only three exceptions the milk examined was equal to or well above the minimum standard of the sanitary code with respect to the fat content, which is the most important single factor in milk. . . . In my opinion the milk supply of the City of New York is of as high if not higher quality than that of any large city in the United States.

It was a cave-in of Ogden Mills's charges. The milk issue collapsed like a punctured balloon. And how did the Republican papers treat it? The *Sun* featured it as important news; the *Herald Tribune* put it at the bottom of an inside page, under the headline of another story; Mr. Hearst's *American*, which had passionately supported Mills, simply omitted mention of the chemist's story. There are newspapers, party papers, and personal papers.

FREQUENT ROWS in the past between Comptroller General McCarl and the Coolidge Administration give an immediate practical interest to the Supreme Court's decision upon which we comment on a later page. Mr. Coolidge now has the power to remove this troublesome appropriation-slasher, whose independent tenure of office Congress sought to safeguard. Virtually every constitutional system in the world has provided, in order to insure legality and prevent corruption, that the audit of accounts should not be under the control of the Executive. Our American Congress, in the Budget and Accounting Act of 1921, created a Comptroller General, appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate for a term of fifteen years, removable only by joint resolution of Congress for incapacity, inefficiency, or neglect of duty. The Supreme Court has ruled this unconstitutional; the President may now remove at will. But Chief Justice Taft's opinion suggests a loophole when it says

> The remedy for the evil of political executive removals of inferior officers is with Congress by a simple expedient, but it includes a change of the power of appointment from the President with the consent of the Senate. Congress must determine first if the office is inferior, and second that it is willing that the office shall be filled by the appointment of some other authority than the President with the consent of the Senate.

The Comptroller General, therefore, could be made appointable by the Secretary of the Treasury, in which case he could be made irremovable until his term expired. He might be a tool of the Executive, for there would be no Senatorial confirmation, but when the Administration changed the tool might serve Congress instead of the Cabinet. It may be that Congress will decide that the chance is not worth taking, but it is the only one permitted by ex-President Taft's revolutionary decision.

AUGUST HECKSCHER has given additional proof that his head as well as his heart is behind his $1,500,000,000 project to clean up the slums of New York. At a recent meeting presided over by Mayor Walker he admitted that his first proposal to secure 500 millionaires to contribute $100,000 each for five years smacked too much of private philanthropy, and proceeded to amend the plan, as follows: The city—possibly with help from the State—shall finance the entire project. One-half the needed sum shall be borrowed from insurance companies and private individuals. Philanthropists of course can subscribe to the loan, but it will be a straight investment, duly secured, not in any sense a charity. The other half will be provided by the municipality, which shall proceed to condemn wide areas of slum property subject to gradual and successive improvement, involving a comprehensive scheme of city planning, with wider streets, radiating avenues, more light, sunshine, playgrounds, and parks. It will be municipal landlording on a grand scale, but on a sound financial basis without an atom of charity in it. It moves closer to reality than the original proposal, and deserves careful and sympathetic consideration.

THE LYNCHING TREE never bore more hideous fruit than has come to us from Bristol, Tennessee, by way of the Chicago *Defender*. If a news dispatch in that paper is to be believed—the story is almost too atrocious for belief—a fourteen-year-old white girl a fortnight ago shot and then kicked to death a colored boy nine years old. The girl is now in prison; her mind is said to have been affected by lynchings of which she had heard, or perhaps in which persons known to her had participated. Hers was no mob spirit; she was quite unaided, and, as far as is known, quite unprovoked. The lynchers never meant such work to be carried on by children. But they took part in lawless and violent murders themselves, they shielded each other from the feeble attempts of the authorities to punish them, they tossed off a lynching as easily as if it had been a barbecue, and every day an impressionable child might see ill-treatment of one race by another, injustice in the courts, Jim Crow on the streets, segregation, contempt, fraud against persons and against property. And this is the result.

THE FAME OF HARRY HOUDINI (Eric Weiss), dead in Detroit, can be measured by the fact that for years, both in America and elsewhere, his name has been synonymous with "magic" and "magician." He was invoked in many a story whose theme was manual cleverness; it was the custom to say of difficult situations that "only Houdini" could extricate himself from them. He was the representative magician of our day, and a marvelous showman. But the interesting thing is that he once more proves the capacity of the best man in a profession to be more than a mere member of that profession. Houdini was so good at his game that he could afford to have fun with it, and to use its technique for other ends. Perhaps he will be longest remembered for his exposure of spiritualist mediums through demonstrations that they were only fair magicians. Watching them, he could see through their tricks and reproduce these himself. The mediums have been called our modern witches—analogues of those disturbers of the peace who turned Salem, and many a European village, upside down in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If this be just, we can but wish that Cotton Mather had had his Houdini too. There would have been no hanging then, and there would have been some laughter. But Houdinis, it seems, do not come to every generation.

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The Supreme Court as Revolutionary

SELDOM does a dissenting Supreme Court justice characterize the opinion of the majority of his colleagues as "revolutionary." It is the more remarkable when a conservative like Justice McReynolds is moved to such expression. The recent decision of the federal Supreme Court will not quell dissenting voices, yet it settles American practice in this: henceforth, unless the Constitution is amended, the President may, alone, Congress to the contrary notwithstanding, arbitrarily remove any of the men whom, by and with the consent of the Senate, he has appointed to office.

This question of the President's power of removal is an old one. It divided the first Congress and inspired some of the greatest constitutional arguments in our history. The Constitution provides that the President

> Shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. But Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session.

No mention is made of the power of removal. The first Congress was called upon to interpret this section when a bill was introduced for the establishment of a department of foreign affairs, providing that the head of the department should be removable by the President. The debate ended in the House approving by a small majority the interpretation vesting the power of removal in the President alone. It was necessary for John Adams, as Vice-President of the Senate, to cast the deciding vote in that House. Madison, a strong supporter of the President's power, discounted the idea of any abuse of it on the ground that removal without cause would subject a President to impeachment, and undoubtedly this view influenced the final interpretation given by Congress. Certainly there was no contemplation then of the "spoils system" under which Andrew Jackson removed some 2,000 officials.

The question was revived in 1867 during the famous reconstruction fight between President Johnson and Congress. At that time a statute was passed providing that removals, to be valid, needed consent of the Senate, and that during recess the President might suspend only for good cause, a report of such suspension to be made to the Senate within twenty days after the beginning of a new session. President Grant complained of the statute, but no dispute arose under it until the Cleveland Administration, when the President refused to report on suspensions to the Senate, and Congress thereupon refused confirmation of his appointees. The Senate finally capitulated. At the next session the requirement that reports of suspensions be given was repealed. On several occasions the question has been presented to the Supreme Court, but that body hitherto has managed to avoid it, though voicing an occasional dictum to the effect that the power of removal was exclusively in the President. The portion of the 1867 statute which is relevant to the recent decision of the Supreme Court provides that

> Postmasters of the first, second, and third classes shall be appointed and may be removed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and shall hold their offices for four years unless sooner removed or suspended according to law. . . .

Frank S. Myers, postmaster at Portland, Oregon, was removed by President Wilson in 1920, no reason being assigned for his removal. Myers protested and finally brought suit for back pay, alleging that the President was without power to remove him in the absence of the consent of the Senate. The issue was fought through to the Supreme Court, which has just held the statute unconstitutional in so far as it attempted to restrict the President's power of removal. Chief Justice Taft, reading the majority opinion, argues that the executive power is in the President alone unless specifically confined by the Constitution; that removal is an exercise of executive power unhampered by any specific clause of the Constitution and may therefore be exercised by him alone. Further, the requirement that the President enforce the laws necessarily implies his unrestricted power of removal. Justice McReynolds, dissenting, argues that since Congress has power to prescribe duties, qualifications, and term, the real question is whether or not the otherwise plenary power of Congress in dealing with postmasters is remitted when they are appointed by the President in concurrence with the Senate. Finding no such remission, he decides that Congress acted within its powers in passing the act. Justice Brandeis holds that the majority opinion overrules the famous case of Marbury *vs.* Madison.

The position of the majority judges is curious. They admit that Congress may take from the President the power of appointing inferior officers and, by vesting it in the head of some other department, restrict removals as it will, yet they hold that the moment Congress transfers that appointing power to the President it is deprived of this restrictive power. The decision is, as usual, political rather than legal. The settled habit of the court is so to interpret the Constitution as to prevent legislation which seems to disturb intrenched interests. The power of patronage in the President has been so long established and is such a powerful political weapon that to deny him the full benefits of it would cause a vast upheaval in political circles and make it possible seriously to hamper the Executive. The majority of the Supreme Court recoiled from such a decision.

Justice Story once assured us that "it will be a consolation to those who love the Union, and honor a devotion to the patriotic discharge of duty, that in regard to inferior offices the remedy for any permanent abuse is still within the power of Congress, by the simple expedient of requiring the consent of the Senate to removals in such cases." These are now empty words. Despite the dictum of Chief Justice Taft that there may be quasi-judicial offices free from executive control until a decision is reached in any given case involving third parties, the fact remains that any such officer rendering a decision contrary to the policy of the President may be removed immediately thereafter. The decision makes it impossible for Congress

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to give any determined tenure to these officials, and the fear of removal will henceforth operate to bow hitherto independent officials to the will of the President or of his party speaking through him. The attempts of Congress to set up non-political expert commissions are nullified. An arbitrary Executive has free play for his prejudices.

This may be the law and the Constitution—although when the conservative Justice McReynolds, the liberal Justice Brandeis, and the Olympian Justice Holmes unite in dissent laymen may be permitted their doubts. But it is certainly a menace to free government. If a constitutional amendment is necessary to give independence and a fixed tenure to public officials, let us have it.

Restlessness or Recreation

EIGHT hours to work; eight hours to sleep; and the great question that haunts—or should haunt—our modern civilization is what shall be done with the eight hours that remain? Fifty years ago the idea of a forty-hour working week would have been greeted with scorn and derision by employer and employees alike. Today the five-day week is widely discussed, and is in practice in more than one industry.

Children now spend some six hours of their day in school. From nine until approximately three they sit—the great majority of them—in enforced silence, as nearly without squirming as nature permits, soaking up scattered bits of information that often enough seem to them to be incoherent and meaningless. At three o'clock they begin to live; the stored-up energy of the whole day bursts forth like a charge of dynamite. They dash down the school steps, fling their books inside their own doors, and are ready for play. And what kind of play shall it be?

The Playground and Recreation Association of America at its recent congress discussed how the newly acquired leisure of adults, how the child's hours out of the schoolroom will be spent. There are the movies, the radio, the automobile, the dance-hall; there are the street gang, the ball game in the shadow of towering buildings and pounding motor trucks, the more or less harmless tricks played on neighbors and tradespeople, actual though not particularly malicious destruction of property—window-breaking, upsetting sidewalk displays and pushcarts, petty pilfering; and by a not too devious route there is the mature gang, the small thief graduating into the expert, and the distressing increase of violent and criminal careers among boys and girls of less than twenty-one years of age. Besides these activities which by no stretch of the imagination could be called recreation, there are, of course, numerous flourishing enterprises for organized play. Community theaters, community music, handicrafts, sports, gardens, parks, and groups formed for sociability alone abound in various cities and towns. But for every child in a playground there are hundreds on the streets; and the popularity of lurid movies and the circulation of "sex" magazines and the tabloids show how the majority of adults spend their hard-won leisure.

A great need, the Playground Association believes, is for trained workers competent to direct recreation among both adults and children. Nobody wants to play silly games with a sort of teacher. Nobody wants authority waved over his head even in play-time. There is enough of that sort of thing in school and shop. The expert play director has to be both adept at games and full of contagious enthusiasm. He cannot be a goody-goody, a martinet, a slacker, or a boss. His accomplishments must be almost unlimited—how to make a good kite, how to play the piano, how to can peaches, how to make a wagon that will go, how to find the right play for a group to give, how to direct, cast, and costume it, how to make the costumes. Of these trained and gifted persons there never has been enough.

It is too much to ask that the overworked and harassed school-teacher add supervised play to her duties. But it is not too much to demand that the schools be made a little less remote from the real, expressive life of both child and adult. They are natural centers, they are convenient, they are heated and lighted and large enough to house a considerable group. Ideally the school is the source of recreation as well as education. In some communities it is. The child remains when lessons for the day are over, because so many delightful and important activities are going on; the adults congregate there in the evenings. But it is hard to make public officials, the guardians of the school-buildings, see the relation between ill-used leisure and a dull and inert, if not actually criminal, citizenry. It means expense—more janitor service, more electricity, more coal, more wear and tear on the buildings, and worst of all, more salaries of workers. The Playground and Recreation Association has made a brave beginning, but it has a problem on its hands.

The Sea Devil Arrives

THAT is what they call Count Felix von Luckner, and "Sea Devil" is the title of the book in which he describes one of the most romantic sea careers ever recorded. Not in the annals of Marryat or Cooper is there a more amazing story of adventure. Indeed, had it been written in any work of fiction it would have been set down as an incredible bit of imaginative writing. What makes it more remarkable is that it has to do not with the era of John Paul Jones but with a sailing vessel in the World War, the war of submarines and dreadnaughts, of fast destroyers and battle cruisers and airplanes. Now this adventurer, who ran away from home at fourteen to go to sea as a cabin-boy, has turned up in New York in charge of a peaceful four-masted schooner which is a floating exhibition of German industry, one of the various devices hit upon to restore her pre-war trade to Germany. Incidentally, he is to lecture about his romantic career. If he can describe it on the platform as he has written it, he will speak to crowded houses.

With the exception of the exploit of that portion of the crew of the German cruiser Emden which found its way back from the middle of the Indian Ocean to Germany after the capture of their vessel, there is no episode in the naval annals of the war more sensational than von Luckner's running the blockade with his sailing vessel, which was fitted up with incredible patience and skill as the Norwegian ship Maletta, which she closely resembled. An oil engine was installed and a propeller, and underneath a load of wood, which apparently filled the entire hull, were accommodations for sixty-four men who were to be the fighting contingent, whereas the apparent crew comprised twenty-three

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men, each of whom spoke Norwegian perfectly. To turn these Germans into Norwegians required endless labor. They were given letters purporting to have come from their families over a period of a number of years. Each one had to learn the names of his Norwegian parents, brothers, and sisters, as well as the names and records of the ships in which he had previously sailed. His seaman's papers were carefully forged and the man was drilled incessantly until he was letter-perfect as to a past which he had never lived. One of the sailors of youthful appearance took the role of the captain's wife, wearing a blonde wig and the clothes of a skipper's consort. The only entrance to the hidden quarters was through a trap-door in the floor of a closet which apparently was intended only for brooms and other cleaning material. Below there was also accommodation for many prisoners, much ammunition, and two old cannon —which was all that the admiralty would allow to so wild an undertaking.

After the ship had left Hamburg and gone into North Sea waters her departure was so long delayed that the real Maletta left Copenhagen before her imitation could precede her. The ship's papers had to be altered—twice, indeed, since the second selection of a Scandinavian prototype proved as unhappy as the first. To make over the papers a second time seemed impossible. Luckner hit upon a curious way out. He ordered the carpenter to destroy every port-hole in the cabin, the glass being replaced with roughly made pieces of wood such as the seaman uses to repair damage at sea. The ship's papers were then dipped in water and the dangerous portions smooched. They were then displayed as damaged by the flooding of the cabin. Finally, the Irma, as she then was, flew down the Channel before a favoring gale and met no vessel until almost out into the Atlantic. There she was boarded by a British officer, with a boat's crew, who discovered nothing. When the officer returned to his cruiser that vessel signaled "Stand by for an hour." One of the crew remarked: "Then we are lost." This remark was heard below by one of the sixty-four men in hiding. They determined to blow up the ship as had been agreed upon in the event of her disguise being penetrated. Fortunately, when the spark was within a couple of feet of the end of the fuse, Luckner himself brought word that all was clear. Two minutes later the magazine would have exploded and the ship would have been blown into the air. But an hour later she was on her way to the South Atlantic and the Pacific, where she sank fourteen of the enemy's ships before being herself wrecked upon one of the Society Islands, where she had put in for fresh water and repairs. Thirty-five thousand miles she cruised, and her last three prizes were American schooners.

The indomitable captain was not to be kept idle. With five of his crew he sailed 2,300 knots in an open boat eighteen feet long, a voyage of incredible danger and hardship, in the course of which these daring men nearly perished of thirst and hunger and scurvy, only to be captured on Wakaya Island, from which they were taken to Auckland for imprisonment. Even here this indomitable spirit could not be kept behind bars. With nine others he stole the motorboat of the commandant of the camp, captured a schooner, and succeeded in getting as far as Curtis Island before being recaptured after ten days of freedom. Such in brief is the record of the Sea Devil who has now turned to the art of commerce and of trade.

Marie's Rumania

LORING PICKERING, in behalf of the North American Newspaper Alliance, which copyrights and syndicates Queen Marie's well-paid love of the rocks and rills of America, telegraphed to Upton Sinclair in Pasadena, California, requesting the pleasure of his company at a reception to Her Majesty the Queen in New York City. Mr. Sinclair was busy campaigning as Socialist candidate for Governor of California, but he paused to reply.

> Assure Her Majesty [he said] that we shall be with her in spirit and shall tell our Pasadena audience what we think of her Government, the most infamous and blood-soaked in Europe. In due course we expect to learn that Her Majesty has come to borrow American dollars to be used in enabling Rumanian peasant-slaves to slaughter Russian workers groping toward freedom.

We suspect that if Marie came to America hoping to raise a loan for her country the hope has gone aglimmering. Society ladies may still pay good money for the privilege of meeting or entertaining royalty, but even the newspaper cartoonists have begun to laugh at Marie's passion for publicity, and financiers are unlikely to be moved by the tactics of a Valentino. Yet it is just as well for rude persons like Mr. Sinclair to inject a serious note into the round of frivolity. Whatever Queen Marie may be personally, her kingdom is one of the plague-spots on the map of Europe. The spirit of Locarno has touched neither its internal nor its foreign policies. It was cursed with one of the rottenest aristocracies in Europe before the war, and unfortunately for its people its rulers picked the winning side so that the peace confirmed their power. It annexed Transylvania, but instead of placating the Rumanian peasants who lived there the Rumanian land-barons made terms with the feudal Hungarian landlords. It stole Bessarabia from Russia—as Czarist Russia had once stolen the same province from a weaker Rumania—and has steadfastly refused to consult its inhabitants as to their wishes in the matter. Today, under the inspiration of Mussolini's Italy, there is even talk of uniting Rumania and the remnant of Hungary—a fantastic project, for the only cement to bind the two nations is the common interest of the land-barons in checking the inevitable rise of the oppressed peasantry.

The pretense of democratic government in Rumania today is a farce. At the last election the Government instructed its officials not to permit opposition candidates to enter their districts, or to permit candidates to enter but not to speak; it made wholesale arrests, threw men, women, and children into jail for mere expression of independent opinion, and held them often for months without trial. Nowhere in Europe today is the lot of the Jews more terrible. They are excluded from the universities and subject to constant attacks in the streets; a Rumanian officer has confessed that under the direction of his commander he murdered numbers of Jews who were seeking to cross the River Dniester and leave the country, and despite his own confession a Rumanian court acquitted him!

Of Marie's personal connections with the crimes committed in her country we know nothing. But it would be well if the public which listens to her over the radio and gapes at her glorious strings of pearls should realize what misery lies behind their beauty and upon what bloody suffering is built the throne of her country.

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Nine Years of Bolshevism

By LOUIS FISCHER

Drawings by Louis Lozowick

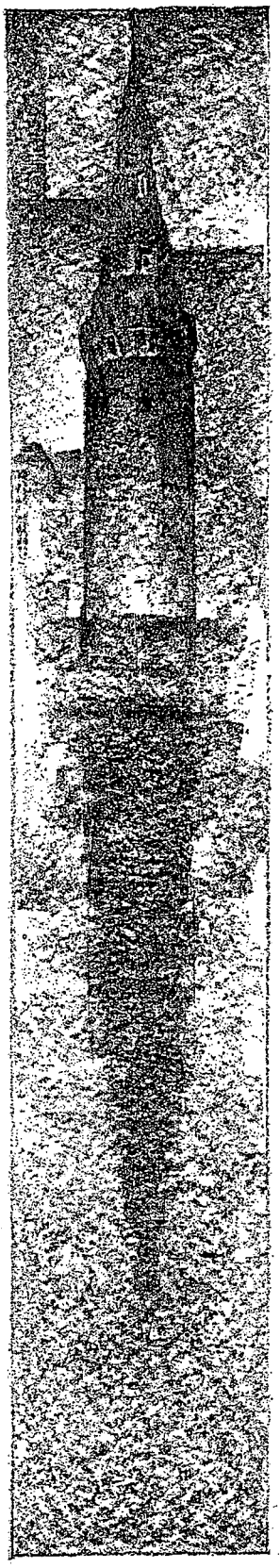
Berlin, October 5

NOVEMBER 13, 1922. A thousand delegates to the annual congress of the Third International are assembled in the throne-room of the ex-Czar's Kremlin palace. Lenin is speaking, watch in hand, for the physicians have limited him to an hour's address. At his feet, on the boards of the platform, sits Radek who gives aid when Lenin snaps his fingers and whispers a Russian word to indicate that his German vocabulary has failed him. The leader is discussing the Russian situation and reviewing the NEP. He picks out the one significant achievement and dilates upon it: the Soviet state has been able during the past year to save 20,000,000 rubles which will be "definitely applied to raising the level of our heavy industries."

Three years later, in 1925, the Russian budget could spare 765,000,000 rubles for the same purpose.

The Soviet Union is suffering the pains of rapid growth; one is almost tempted to say, of too rapid growth. The value of industrial output (in pre-war rubles) rose by 50 per cent in 1921-1922, 33 per cent in 1922-1923, 30 per cent in 1923-1924, 35 per cent in 1924-1925, and about 45 per cent in 1925-1926, and has now reached an average of 95 per cent of the 1913 standard. But while such progress is no proof of any fundamental weakness in the Soviet economic system, it does mean that the resources of the country in money, plant, and materials have been well-nigh exhausted in the quick advance. A loan of, say, $200,000,000 would do much to solve Russia's current economic problems and lay the present controversy in the Communist Party. It might not erase the differences of principle and opinion between Trotzky and Bucharin or between Stalin and Zinoviev, but it would make the dispute less acrimonious and cooperation more likely.

The Soviet Union thirsts for capital. It is ready to make every honorable concession to the United States in order to win that political recognition without which there can be no appreciable flow of loans and credits from New York to Moscow. Should such help from America or other countries not be forthcoming, recurrent crises will probably afflict the Bolsheviks for many years to come unless they are able to capitalize their own tremendous natural and human resources. On a small scale this is actually being done. The state, for example, now has 570,000,000 rubles for investment in industry next year. But such a procedure would be expensive for the inhabitants of the country. The Russians have paid and are paying, and the burden is causing them to grumble more and more. The murmurings of the peasants, who number 125,000,000 souls of a total of 140,000,000, are the direct cause of the rupture in the Communist Party.



Kremlin Tower

The fundamental interests of a peasantry often conflict with those of urban industry, in the Russian case, of the proletariat. The history of Bolshevik Russia shows a series of compromises on the part of the city workers' government in favor of the politically weak but economically irresistible mujik masses. Today, the scarcity of capital, together with other contributing causes, intensifies the demand of the village for further economic concessions and for the wider political prerogatives by which these can more easily be obtained.

The "trouble" is that although the peasants have had to settle most of the bills of the revolution and to carry the expense of Communist mistakes, they have nevertheless grown too prosperous for the town. This condition will become more serious for, whereas the industries have now consumed the larger part of available capital and will show only 5 to 15 per cent annual progress in the next few years as compared with 30 to 50 per cent in the past, the potentialities of agriculture for expansion are enormous. While the urban proletariat requires millions of rubles for new factories and new equipment in order to increase the quantity, improve the quality, and cut the cost of its products, the peasant has merely to plow three inches deeper and clean his seed with greater care to double his crop. Continued financial, educational, and organizational assistance by the Government to the peasants should suffice to send the crop curve high above today's level; but all the energy, money, enthusiasm, and ability of the entire country will not avail to prevent the retarded motion of industrial progress from setting in.

The beginning of this development appeared in 1925. The unprecedented rise in the purchasing power of the peasantry could not be gratified by domestic factory output. Hence the prolonged "goods famine." This "new disproportion between the industrial supply and the peasant demand," says the Moscow *Pravda*, "is not diminishing. It threatens further complications in the relationship between the working class and the peasantry"—and, therefore, in the party. To adopt the obvious solution and import the required goods would be inadvisable because in the absence of foreign loans such im-

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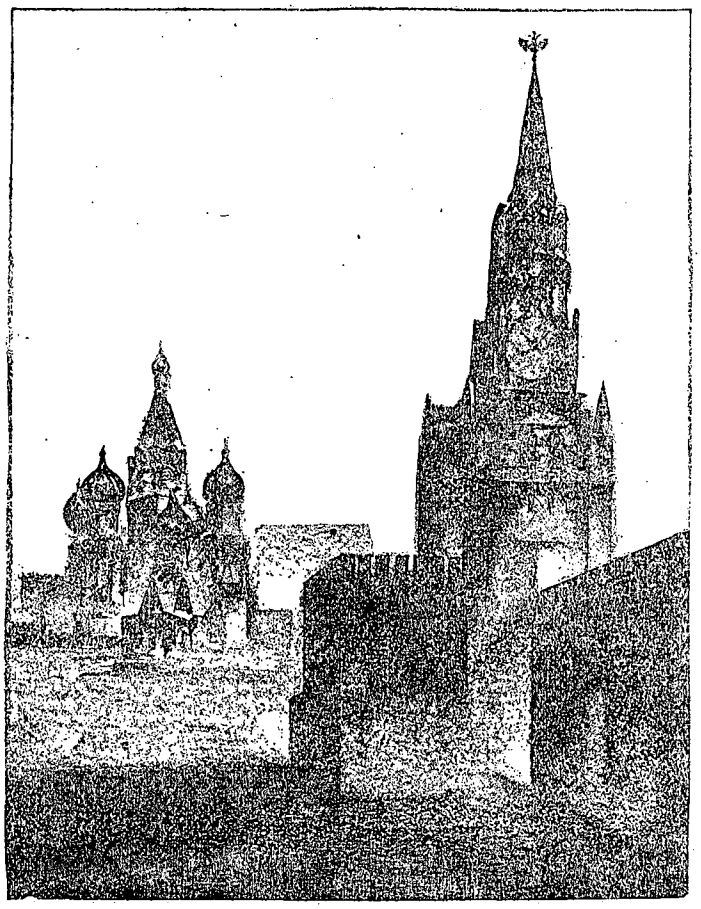
ports could only be paid for out of the return from exports, and the volume of exports does not warrant heavy imports.

The problem of exports thus acquires paramount importance. Russia exports lumber, oil, furs, etc., but far the largest item of export is grain. Now the last two crops have been fairly good, and a paper surplus of many million tons exists for shipment to foreign countries. The mujik, however, will not part with his excess cereals except in exchange for textiles, machinery, leather goods, and other manufactured articles, and these the Soviet industry cannot give him to the extent to which he can afford to buy. Moreover, the state's machinery for surplus grain collection is inefficient. Lenin warned the Bolsheviks to "learn to be merchants" and they have not done so. They can manufacture but not sell. If the Nepman's role in merchandising is shrinking—from 40.8 per cent of the total trade turnover in 1923-1924 to 24 per cent in 1924-1925—he still controls a huge block of the peasant market. He is not handicapped by a clumsy bureaucracy. He goes directly to the mujik's house to close a deal. He has ready cash. His turnover is rapid. He can therefore pay higher prices for grain, and the Government as well as the cooperatives must frequently accept the standard he sets.



Red Square, Moscow

The peasant, too, is responsible for high prices. Ivan says, "Before the war I gave a pood of rye for a linen blouse. Now the blouse sells at three, sometimes four times the 1913 cost." So he avenges himself by raising the price of the unused part of his grain to what for the Government, which is the sole exporter, must be a prohibitive level. The result is a limitation of exports and therefore of imports.

According to the plan for next year, therefore, exports will amount to 790,000,000 rubles and, to create an active trade balance, imports will be restricted to 700,000,000 rubles. Much of the latter are to consist of machinery, raw materials, and semi-manufactured goods which will help to accelerate the process of domestic industrialization.

On this one point there are no two opinions: the historic function of the Russian Communist Party is to further the industrialization of the Soviet Union and thus to weaken the economic balance in favor of the peasants. Indeed, the Stalin administration and the Opposition are in accord on so many subjects that it becomes a difficult task to define the difference between them. To say that the administration majority is promoting the welfare of the peasantry and forgetting industry and the proletariat would be an over-statement. To argue that the Opposition, if it were in power, would carry out a policy of peasant exploitation in order to further the interests of the city working class is to lose sight of the fact that whoever rules in new Russia dare not antagonize the village. It is too assertive, and the revolution has made it conscious of its strength.

There can be no question, however, that the Opposition in some form has come to stay in Soviet Communist politics, and that it will find its chief inspiration and support in the urban proletariat. The primary raison d'etre of the Opposition is the retreat of the party in the face of peasant pressure, and its existence must consequently grow increasingly justifiable as the economic power of the peasantry, developing as it must at greater speed than that of the proletariat, forces the Government to ever further concessions. The Opposition believes that it is still possible to stem the onrushing peasant tide by fewer and less radical compromises than those which the Stalin group has been making. It emphasizes the danger to Bolshevism in the rise of the *kulaks* or rich peasants, and in their union with the "middle" or comfortably situated peasants against the poor and farm-hand elements in the villages. It charges that the administration minimizes this menace; and the administration returns with a counter-charge of exaggeration.

So trivial does Bucharin, the arch-theorist of the party, regard the peasant danger that he urges them to "Enrich yourselves." This slogan was responsible for much bad blood in Communist ranks last year and probably accounts for the alignment of Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, with the Opposition. For although the Bolsheviks aim to enrich the village as a whole, it was obvious that the enrichment meant by Bucharin could only be attained by some peasants at the expense of others. Bucharin subsequently repented officially, nevertheless the idea of "Enrich yourselves" is consistent with his philosophy and theories and indicative of what may await the party if Bucharin is permitted to impress his views upon it.

Zinoviev and Kamenev, too, when they and Stalin constituted the leading Triumvirate, legislated far-reaching concessions conducive to class differentiation in the villages and to the aggrandizement of the *kulaks* and "middle" peasants. But the party's last reforms—the right to rent land and to hire laborers—were apparently too much for them. They were appalled by their own handiwork. Hence the famous "Leningrad" Opposition at last December's party congress.

It is significant that this proletarian Opposition insists on giving the name of state capitalism to the industrial sys-

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tem developed under the new economic policy, whereas the majority of the party wishes to style it socialism. It is not merely an academic question. This matter of a name has shaken the whole party because it involves basic considerations of policy. The Opposition accuses the administration of "coloring the NEP," of painting it in too rosy hues, of christening it socialism. The NEP, all agree, is necessary. Only through it can socialism be attained. But it is not socialism. Nor is it capitalism. It is the bridge from the one to the other. With the government, the industries, the cooperatives, the monopoly of foreign trade—the "Socialist heights" as they are called—in Communist hands, the danger that capitalism will overwhelm near-socialism is not great. Yet the control of the "heights" does not imply a conquest of the plains. The plains where dwell the Nepman and the mujik are capitalistic. The "heights," on the other hand, are the advantages which accrue to the proletariat from its dictatorship. In them the party possesses the means for attempting the socialization of agriculture and the industrialization of the country. But by idealizing the NEP, the Opposition argues, you induce a feeling of overconfidence in the security of the "heights." Believing that you have achieved socialism in the city you imagine yourself immune from an assault from the plains; consequently you make more concessions to the peasant than you ought.

There is much truth in this analysis. It requires no eagle eye to discern the peasants creeping slowly up toward the city proletarian "heights." The village wants political power, too, and is evidencing an activity in elections which has caused alarm. "Permanent revolution" is the solution offered by Trotzky, that is, uninterrupted resistance against peasant demands until the world revolution diminishes the danger they represent; concentrated effort to socialize agriculture and to make the village more dependent on the town by introducing the cooperative use of tractors, machinery, etc.; and cooperative buying and selling by the peasants. After fighting this idea and defeating Trotzky in the fight, Zinoviev has succumbed to it, as, I believe, the entire Opposition eventually must. The Opposition will sooner or later frankly declare itself the defender of proletarian interests against peasant encroachment.

Such, in very broad outline, are the elements in the Communist Party controversy and in the economic situation from which it springs The mere existence of an Opposition, however, be its platform what it may, presents an immediate and severe problem to the party. The fundamental concept of the Communist Party is "monolithism." The party must be a unit. The Communists are intolerant of groupings, factions, fractions, caucuses, and other combinations prejudicial to the most hidebound solidarity. Individual Bolsheviks may express any views they wish. They may publish them in party organs and air them at party meetings. But once the annual party congress has voted them down, they must advocate their views no longer and undertake no steps to organize support for their opinions. In 1922 the so-called "Workers' Opposition" was silenced in this manner. Then the Trotzky opposition met a similar fate. And now the Kamenev-Zinoviev-Lashevitch opposition is faring no better. In fact, it is being suppressed more ruthlessly than its predecessors. Kamenev and Zinoviev have been expelled from the Political Bureau, Kamenev has been removed from the state offices he held. Pyatakov, first assistant to the late Dzerzhinsky in the Supreme Economic Council, may not return from his present extended "vacation." Trotzky has not been reelected to the praesidium of the Supreme Economic Council even though "good behavior"—silence—has enabled him to stay in the Political Bureau. When such important leaders can be shelved in this wise, it need hardly be said that lesser opposition lights receive similar and in some cases worse treatment.

Many of these measures preceded and many followed the secret meeting of the Opposition in a wood outside Moscow one evening last June. Pickets were posted and other conspiratory trappings were present. There is no greater crime in the Communist calendar than to arrange and participate in such a gathering. Yet the purely proletarian attendance braved the risks of so grave a breach of party discipline because they could see no other way out. They are not reconciled to blind obedience. They want to champion their ideas. But they are muzzled and suppressed. Hence their recourse to illegal measures.

On the other hand, the Opposition gives the administration a most effective weapon by resorting to such secret assemblies, for nothing is more unpopular or considered more un-Communist than this. In general, any opposition starts with a handicap in that it exposes itself to the accusation of wishing to destroy the unity of the party and of precipitating a discussion when the need of the hour is work not words. The path of an opposition in Soviet Russia is thorny and hard, and its chances of success are few. A Communist Party consisting of two or more factions is inconceivable at present, and the oppositionists are too good Communists to dream of organizing another party even if it were physically possible, which it is not. The secret midnight meeting shows that the Opposition is restive under restraint, but it is difficult to imagine what it can do under present circumstances. Trotzky has already reconciled himself to silence, passive obedience, and soldierly service at any post to which he is commanded. It appears that Zinoviev, Kamenev, Krupskaya, Pyatakov, Sokolnikov, Lashevitch, and the others can do little else. At each annual congress and conference they may present their case once again. Otherwise nothing remains, it seems, but to bide their time until the day—if it ever comes—when the demands of the economic situation will recall them to power or until they are convinced by the majority and join forces with it.

Noah

By JAKE FALSTAFF

In Noah's pious blood there stirred
The father of the Pharisee;
A secret bibbling elder, he
Spoke with assurance of The Word.
Still he was wise, for he had heard
The grumblings of a deity.
He laid his adz about the tree
And gathered in the beast and bird.

But there were giants in that day;
God was a gaffer of their house.
"The Old Lad's peevish," chuckled they,
And did not pause in their carouse.
Waist deep in cataclysm they stood
And, drunken, cheered the rising flood!

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Communism Comes to the Village

By VERA DANCHAKOFF

THE first time I saw the spring airing of Vlassievna's death clothes, it filled me with awe and trepidation. From early morning we children had been on our guard, so as not to miss the hour when Vlassievna, the mother of our twin-servants, should open her trunk. A long linen robe was to be her death shirt. Her slippers must be tight, she explained, so that they would not fall off her feet during her long heavenward flight; and light, so that she might not sink down while walking in the gardens of Paradise. But her greatest concern was to prevent them from creaking, so she oiled all the seams lest she disturb us when at night she would return to walk through our rooms. She hoped after death to pay us frequent visits. A wooden cypress cross and a black head-dress with small white dots completed her death trousseau. She was critical in her choice of the place in our yard for spreading out her treasures. She cleaned away the ants and beetles and sat near by or walked around driving away insects with a branch of fragrant lilacs so that nothing might desecrate her death garb.

Never did we children miss an opportunity to sneak into the back yard or into the kitchen at night. I remember often falling asleep in the lap of Vlassievna, as she sat in her comfortable old armchair by the brick kitchen stove, wrapped in a shawl, with familiar white kerchief pulled deep over her eyes. I would be lulled by her soft monotonous voice.

Nights when everybody was busy in the master's rooms, she would talk freely. "Grandmammy, I want to hear how you became betrothed," suggested my elder sister. "And how you fell in love," she added, with hesitation.

"I was about twenty," Vlassievna starts her story anew, "when the match-makers came to visit our home. Even though I was well known through the whole district, I was carefully scrutinized by my future mother-in-law. 'Hearty as a stag,' she said approvingly, clapping me on my back. "Without a scratch," added my mother, lovingly.

"The bargaining was quickly made, my linen (5 pieces of 25 yards each) and my clothes shown, the counter offer of my future parents accepted: 25 rubles, a sheep-skin fur, shoes, two poods of flour, and a bucket full of brandy. A general inspection followed. Agrafena, my married sister, led me in front of my betrothed. 'Isn't he getting a dainty bit, this mushroom!' 'Surely enough,' the storekeeper's wife grinned, 'somebody gets a dainty bit; much talk is heard about the lass . . . who knows . . .'

"No, mother, no," I thought. "You and father will get the first drink the morning after my marriage; the cup will have no hole at its bottom; no shame upon you, mother!" In many villages it is the practice to offer the first drink on the morning after a marriage to the parents of the bride if she proved to be chaste, and to the parents of the bridegroom, if not. In the latter case the best man offers the parents of the bride a drink in a cup with a hole drilled at its bottom, which he carefully stops with his finger. As they accept the cup, he withdraws his finger and the brandy is spilled.

" 'Hand out the bride,' shouted merrily the members of my new family on the wedding morning, approaching our house in a long procession of carriages. Highly colored ribbons fluttered in the manes of the horses, dozens of bells tinkled on the bows over the horses' heads. Women and men were gorgeously attired. . . ."

I remember how as children we often suggested that when grown up we would live in the village and become either a teacher or a physician. We willingly assumed in our imagination the post of physician's assistant, *Feldscher*, but none of us would be a priest and even less a policeman. The image of village priest was strongly associated in our minds with the intoxicated priest Evdokim who was drowned in the lake. The policeman of the district inspired in the peasant such a fear that at a mere mention of him they used to cross themselves.

The childhood dream came true, at least for me, when, after graduation from one of the Swiss medical schools and admission to medical practice in Russia I found myself once more, at twenty-five, in the district I had known as a child. My interest in practicing medicine was never very genuine, my longing to become a village physician was no more than a part of a general yearning prevalent at the time among the intellectuals to be of service to the people. Office work in the day time, trips at night, patients numbering about a hundred on Sundays and holidays, struggles with the ignorance of the village midwife and with the incredible superstitions of the peasants, efforts and undertakings doomed at their conception. . . . My own sojourn in the village might have been very short, indeed, had it not been for the priest's recovery from pneumonia, helped along more by his own strong constitution, no doubt, than by my two calls. Nevertheless, he took a fancy to me from that time and even told me about a conspiracy launched against me that summer.

I had been engaged in scientific work in the Leningrad Institute for Experimental Medicine and had been making experiments on rabbits. Those I took along with me in cages to the village for observation. At the same time I was raising axolotls as material for research. To raise chickens or even rabbits for market was well enough for the peasant, but to see "fish-like frogs" in jars and rabbits in cages was more than the peasant was willing to accept. A secret and mysterious purpose was ascribed to my venture. "They thought you meant to transform one animal into another, to make rabbits live in water and make hair grow on the frog-like fishes. They were afraid to see you break the will of our Lord," the priest informed me.

"Father, why did you not explain to them?" I asked.

Quickly the priest folded the written complaint, which was to be sent to the police department. He did not want me to see what I had already noticed, namely, that it was in his own handwriting. After his recovery the priest held a special prayer in the church, in which he thanked the Lord for his recovery and asked Him to enlighten me and to direct me into the path of Holy Truth. . . .

I eagerly devoted myself to a study of the peasant in his home, of his wants and his problems, of his weaknesses and aspirations. I soon found that the peasant would die rather than be operated upon. I also found that the village

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midwife was much more popular with the peasant than was the doctor. She was a woman of about sixty, who had no education whatever. She just decided one day that she was going to be a midwife and forthwith embarked upon her profession. I had naturally thought that even with my limited medical equipment—one forceps, a pair of long scissors, a couple of scalpels—I would be of great help to the women and children. She decided otherwise. I still possess a beautiful linen embroidered towel, a present to me from a woman who, against my expectations, those of the midwife, and her own, somehow managed to live. I had known Tania since childhood. We used to play together. The girl was expecting her first baby when I, the village doctor, met her as a young woman. She was happily married and her mother-in-law spared her and frequently excused her from work.

I heard Tania's husband tease her: "Now, wife, thou mayst possibly bring me a son," and Tania reply: "Depends yet upon whom the Lord will send; I may possibly have a chance to bring myself a daughter." In the case of Tania I did my best to prevent the midwife's usual procedures in a delivery but when Tania's husband came for me I found that everything the midwife had ever heard about had already unsuccessfully been set in operation. How my heart ached when I was told that Tania had gone through the board! (To put the baby back into a normal position, the woman in labor is launched head down from a board fixed in an oblique position.) The night I spent in her home will stay in my memory as long as I live. Tania, in a deep faint, an ikona over her head, a candle in the bottle, held by the trembling hands of her mother, and myself with no other instruments than those I have mentioned. Tania lost her first baby. But the Lord knows how she herself managed to stay alive!

Just as I had an irreconcilable opponent in the midwife, so the teacher of the village had his opponent in the priest, who taught religion in the school and had an informal supervision over the school affairs. The village public schools at that time were of two kinds, some under the jurisdiction of the Holy Synod, others under the administration of the Ministerium of Public Education. The schools of the first group were more numerous. The teachers in them, mostly women, came almost exclusively from the families of clergymen.

Russian Village

"Don't you see," the teacher complained bitterly, "the program in our schools is so arranged that all the subjects are closely related to the lessons on religion, and those are given by the priest. We are hindered in every attempt to give the children even the most fundamental knowledge. You may see yourself," he added, handing me some printed pages; "here are the instructions we have received lately. Read: 'While teaching the Russian language, limit the teaching to the study of language proper and avoid additional topics like information in science.' And further: 'The study of Russian history must form an integral whole with the study of the history of the Greek Orthodox Church.'"

The most interesting paragraph in the instructions, however, was the one purporting to outline beliefs that the school should impress on the pupils. "They should leave the school," read the instructions, "with the firm belief that the strength of our fatherland depends upon the Holy Greek Orthodox faith and the Czar's autocratic power, and that dire distress and calamities ruin our fatherland every time the one or the other declines."

My friend's school was opposite my office and I used to visit his classes rather frequently. I was present once at one of the final examinations. It was amazing how well the children could recite a number of prayers in the Old Slav language used exclusively in church services. The archbishop, a guest at the examination, was elated over the results and highly complimented the minister. Finally the children's choir sang praise to the Virgin: "The most pure Cherubim and, without comparison, the most glorious Seraphim"—the words of the prayer rang in the air. A girl of about nine in the first row of the choir could not take her eyes from the Archbishop. Musingly the Holy Father smiled at her. "Who, then, child, is the glorious Seraphim?" he asked. The girl blushed, looked down, again raised her eyes full of tears: "Seraphim, seraphim . . . ," she muttered, "it is what makes our lamps burn when we have a party."

The Archbishop silently entered his carriage and drove away.

* * * *

While traveling in Russia last year I longed to renew personal contact with the peasant in his village. Chance helped me in bringing me to my old teacher friend, Nikolai Pavlovitch. My inquiries for him in the district where we both once served brought no information. He had left years ago, I was told. I found him in one of the innumerable waiting-rooms of the Narkompross (Commissariat for People's Education), the same tall figure in a time-worn suit, the same sharp smiling look over the gold-framed spectacles. Upright, with unbent shoulders, his blond head without gray hair, he wore his fifty years almost to his advantage. Our eyes searched each other, while we exchanged words of greeting. We both were trying to bridge over a period of twenty years. He wore two emblems frequently

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seen in Russia at present, the one representing a small photograph of Lenin, the other bearing three letters: N. O. T., marking his membership in the Scientific Toil Organization.

"Yes, I am a party member," he answered my question, "working in R. K. I.—Workman Peasant Inspection," he translated.

"Nothing could please me better than to take you along on an inspection trip of village schools, as you suggest," he said to me, "but then, in the presence of an official, you may expect to find the peasants somewhat reserved. Why not go by yourself? I suppose Vassiliev may do for you. You may stay in the village for a night or two—it is fifteen miles from a railway station in the suburb of Moscow."

I found that the new schoolmaster had come two years ago into a little snow-bound village. The old teacher to whom the peasants were indebted for the little they knew had died. Some of them could scribble down their names or spell together a sign on a store or even note down their neighbor's debt on the wall with a piece of chalk. They missed the old teacher who had been for so long a habitual figure at every celebration and who during drought used to walk along with them and the priest in religious processions, singing carols and searching skies for rainy clouds.

"They looked at me with concern and discontent." My friend told me of his arrival. "My request for withdrawal of the priest from school was met by a common decision to keep their children away from school."

"'Where is thy boy? Why doesn't thou send him to school?' I inquired, making a round of the peasants' homes.

"'The priest will teach him.'

"'Why the priest?'

"'At least a prayer will he learn from the priest. What will he learn from thee?' And yet after talking awhile: 'Why, if you are going to teach him husbandry and thriftiness,' every peasant would say to me, 'I am not against it. You may have my boy tomorrow. Trim him well, grind him sharp, so he may support his parents in their old age.'

"It was, however, pretty hard to break the peasants' suspicion and distrust. 'In no respect a match to the deceased, may he be admitted to the Heavenly Kingdom,' I often heard them openly discuss me. And even though they seemed finally to agree upon the value of gymnastics, when they saw their children moving their arms in a queer and seemingly impertinent way, they would sneak unobserved on their tip-toes and smack them energetically on their backs: 'Will you little ruffians stop swinging your arms!'

"And yet," the teacher added, "there was no vacant bench in the school the following term."

I visited the children's carpenter shop, I saw the schoolroom equipped with the furniture made by the children. A piece of ground in the swamps was shown to me by the peasants, allotted to the school at the request of the teacher. There was pride in their words: "No less than a horse's head in size was the cabbage they grew on this waste after draining it."

I stayed over a week in the little village. About sunset, after the last cow of the village herd had turned into her home yard, I had long chats with villagers. No peasant in the summer is found at that time in his log cabin. The women may be busy with children within, the young folks are heard singing and laughing at the outskirt of the forest or on the meadow. Those, however, addressed—Uncle Andrei or Uncle Ivan, men between 30 and 50—are found seated on log benches along the front of the log cabins. Almost motionless, they might be taken for a bas-relief had ever a sculptor chiseled groups so picturesque. To address them may seem much more difficult than it usually proves to be. They know I came from across the ocean and they want to hear again and again about the sea which cannot be crossed in less than five days, and about the large steamers, larger than any house in the district city. In certain things they simply do not believe me. I never could make them believe that there may be houses over ten stories high. And in return for my cheap stories of our everyday surroundings which to them seem unbelievable wonders I often got stories from them exquisite in development, poignant in effect.

"A 'woman' showed up in the neighboring village," says a peasant half-mockingly. "No 'baba' is Natalie now, but 'woman.'" (In Russian the village woman is called not woman, but 'baba'—something like squaw.)

Through the half-coordinated sentences of the peasants I begin to see the image of Natalie, an image beautiful and pure of a Russian peasant woman given her first chance, standing against the background of her many centuries of subjection. Since the revolution gave Natalie the right to attend meetings she not only began to frequent them, but now and then ventured a word. "Not a squaw's business," grumbled the men. "Not a squaw, but a woman I am."

After that Natalie could appear nowhere without being scorned. "Woman, woman!" even the children scoffed at her. They knew that Natalie could not write. "Ask her to sign the records," cried one of the peasants at a meeting. For three months thereafter Natalie was absent from the meetings. When she again appeared, there was a roar: "The woman has come! Ho, ho, ho, the woman has come! Let her sign the records!"

The secretary of the committee, a quiet man as a rule, became frenzied and presented her with the records. "Look, look, she is going to sign!"—and on the white paper close to one another letters steady, though crooked, lay in line: *Natalia Moisseeva.* There was no end of amazement: A woman indeed!" I saw this story confirmed in a magazine, the *Peasant Woman,* and many other stories contributed by newly literate women.

The dead earnest of the peasant delegates at meetings in the city greatly impressed me on many occasions. Last summer I took a seat in the third row in the Great Moscow Opera House. The stage was decorated with red banners and a gorgeous flag hung low over the balustrade of the imperial box. Peasants began gradually to fill up the large hall of the theater, the row of the boxes, and the benches on the platform. Krassin, Kalinin, Bucharin, and others took seats around the table on the stage draped in red. They had all gathered to celebrate Cooperation Movement Day. I kept looking intensely in the faces of the peasants. In their traditional garb, many of them with long beards, with wrinkled faces browned by the sun, they did not differ much from the physical image of the Russian tiller of the soil which I had retained in my memory from my childhood. Their presence in the elegant hall, however incongruous it might have been ten years ago, did not seem out of place now. They moved with certainty and spoke in unadorned but logical language. Are these people the direct descendants of those who, like chattels, could be sold and moved some seventy years ago?

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Sochi Dreams

By MARIAN TYLER

WHEN people go on vacation they often leave their real selves at home and play at being what they would like to be. In Sochi you can see Russians on vacation, and Russians are the best actors in the world. They put on a good comedy, if it is a comedy.

No one but a Russian would think of going South for the summer. Sochi is near the southernmost tip of Russia at the foot of the Caucasus and on the shore of the Black Sea. People travel three days and nights from Moscow to lie in the scorching sun on Sochi's stony beach. It is heroic. But then only Russians think of going North for the winter. The czars had their Winter Palace in old Petersburg and journeyed through the bitter cold to enjoy the Arctic night. To soft Anglo-Saxons who run away from their seasons this seems a little mad; and yet what could be more logical, if you like winter, than to go where winter is really winter, and, if you like summer, to go to Sochi in July?

Sochi likes to think it is a health resort. In the twenty-odd years since the first sanitarium was built the malaria has, it is true, been greatly reduced. Some remarkable cures are credited to the capable staff of doctors and to the sulphur baths near by. But an even better remedy, the best in the world, is faith.

In its pre-war splendor the place must have been very beautiful in an exotic, un-Russian way. The gardens are still full of palms and roses—a little shabby now, a little frayed by the crowds that overflow from the spacious old villas. During the season the visitors are expected to spend money and enrich the town. They must make the fortunes of dozens of *izvostchiks*, fur-hatted pirates perched on the graceful old carriages of the aristocracy; of numerous vendors of scarves, sunflower seeds, Communist magazines; barbers, bands of actors, and second-story men, and exploiters of dancing bears. The streets seem always full of animals—herds of goats, long-horned buffaloes harnessed to heavy carts, geese, cows, pigs; and the poor bears led around by the nose—until one wants to start a zoological revolution.

Against this quaint and draggled setting the vacationists stage their unfulfilled desires. There is the inevitable pair of typists, who have spent a year's savings on their grand clothes, very grand indeed for Russia. There is the member of congress, that is, the Central Committee, who manages to forget politics for two months by a remarkable series of romantic conquests. There is the provincial teacher, disappointed that Sochi's night life ends at 10 o'clock. There are a great many tired people, worn with responsibility, whose only wish is to sleep and eat until they have to take up the load again. And there are still too many who, in this environment of ancient wealth, like to pretend that they are fashionable aristocrats themselves.

But what have all these types in common? What makes Sochi more Russian than Atlantic City? Talk to half a hundred of the vacationists and behind all the personal dreams you begin to see one large dream—a long and prosperous Main Street for Russia. How to get it is the point at which parties split and individuals disagree, but they all see the same ideal picture. Factories, clothing, electricity, machines—machines above all. Any piece of machinery, from an electric crane to an eversharp pencil, is reverently admired. If it is foreign so much the better. Russians were always likely to be over-modest about anything native.

After a few days the foreigner begins to understand. The new stock of the provincial stores still looks scanty to him. He begins to feel the discomfort of a life without enough beds and automobiles and stockings and dishes. He thinks of Mr. Woolworth's piled counters in every American town. How much difference a few job lots of tin spoons and nails and eggbeaters would make in the economy of hundreds of Russian households! One side of the world hasn't enough of the things of which the other side has too many, like a man sitting by the fire on a cold night, his back freezing and his face blistered. But Russia makes a virtue of necessity, and sits in the cold to improve her circulation. "Even if we could afford to import everything, as they did before the war," runs the explanation, "we would rather build up our own manufactures."

That is the excitement of living in Russia, the excitement of planning a house or a bridge or a castle in Spain. Sochi must have the biggest, best, and shiniest Main Street in the world. Of course we can't begin it yet. No use starting till we can afford to build it on a grand scale. We know that Sochi fairly cries to be developed, with all the power from its mountain streams, with transport facilities by land and sea, and a population largely unemployed during the winter. Perhaps we shall have a great dam and a power plant as part of the national electric system. Around the dam we shall build factories, a furniture factory perhaps, a paper plant, a woolen mill. The view up the river valley to the snowy mountains? Of course we aren't sentimental about views any more, but it will be more impressive to see the mountains behind the dam. The dam will be like a great wonderful waterfall. The factories will be the best factories that can be built. The harbor will probably be deepened so that freight-boats can come into the river mouth; through trains will run. The Government is planning to develop the Caucasus on a large scale, and all this would obviously fit into the program.

Sochi's dream is something like this. But its facts are different. The town's trade is done in a permanent bazaar of flimsy and squalid booths. Such larger stores as are not vacant are occupied mostly by barber shops, closed half the day for dinner and all day Sunday and Monday. The head of the state bank wields an enormous abacus and takes a month to cash a traveler's check.

When Sochi once begins it will doubtless proceed with the thoroughness and dispatch seen in other parts of Russia—the thoroughness of the railroad schedules, for example. In a country where time hardly exists, where no one is less than an hour late for an appointment, and a week or so delay in any transaction does not matter, trains run on the minute, and often ahead of it. Sochi, however, is a vacation resort, infected with vacation illusions. It still dreams and its dreams are large and grand.

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Thomas Mott Osborne

By WINTHROP D. LANE

JUST where Thomas Mott Osborne, who died week before last in Auburn, N. Y., will stand in the history of efforts to make prisons more intelligent places cannot be easily forecast today. It need surprise no one if he takes his place with Beccaria, Jeremy Bentham, John Howard, and others who, in their generation, cried out against absurdities in the treatment of offenders. If he does, Mr. Osborne will perhaps be known more as a stirring propagandist, an exposer of the old and senseless, than as a scientific contributor to the technique of reforming criminals.

Why did Mr. Osborne, a cultured and wealthy man, fifty-four years old, who had held influential positions and could choose almost any way of spending his time, decide in 1913 to live for a week in Auburn prison as a voluntary inmate? To answer that question would probably require the procedure of a psychological investigator. Doubtless there was something in Mr. Osborne's personality that gave him a strong emotional interest in the outcast, the underdog. As a boy he had gone through Auburn prison on a visit. The dark, scowling faces, bending over their tasks, made a deep impression on him. The evil dreams of his childhood, he tells us, centered about an escaped convict; this convict pursued him, holding a long knife. Whether such visions had any relation to Mr. Osborne's interest in prisoners we need not stop to inquire. Later he became a trustee of the George Junior Republic, naturally acquiring an interest in offenders that way. On a red-letter day he read Donald Lowrie's "My Life in Prison." Finally, Governor Sulzer appointed him chairman of a State commission on prison reform, and Mr. Osborne's relation to prison affairs became official. He decided that he needed the intimate acquaintance that actual incarceration would give him.

So he entered Auburn prison. He slept in the same kind of cell as the other prisoners and ate the same kind of food. He wove baskets and shoveled coal. In line each morning he carried his bucket, the prisoner's only toilet. He sent and received notes by the "underground" system. He saw the miserable failure of the prison to do anything helpful for these men. Refusing to work, he merited punishment and spent a night in "hell," the solitary hole. With Jack Murphy, a convict, beside whom he worked, he discussed the way prisons are run. Out of these conversations came the idea of the Mutual Welfare League.

To Mr. Osborne self-government was a means of making prisoners better; it was a therapeutic agent. It was not a concession to imagined rights of prisoners, as some people thought; that would have been ridiculous. It was a way of preparing prisoners for a return to society. Mr. Osborne looked at the old autocratic prison system and said: "That system kills initiative, the power of choice, ability to render judgments, every faculty needed by a man in the world outside. Why is it sensible to prepare people for a return to society by holding them for three years, five years, sometimes ten and fifteen years in an environment as unlike that of society as possible?" To him self-government was a means of training people in the art of living in concert. It was the setting up of a miniature world in which relationships became spontaneous, acts normal, and men were allowed to control their own lives with as much freedom as was possible in a prison in which they had to be confined.

The Sing Sing prison into which Mr. Osborne, as warden in 1914, introduced this plan was an extraordinary institution. It was old, unhealthful, disease-ridden, lacking in accommodations. It was the most famous prison in the Western Hemisphere, receiving among others the most confirmed type of offenders from New York City and elsewhere. It was the prison which almost anybody would have picked out as least auspicious for such an undertaking. Mr. Osborne walked in with a courage born of confidence and zeal. He established his plan of inmate self-government. Almost overnight changes were apparent. Fights between prisoners, that barometer of prison influence and atmosphere, decreased. Men went out with heads erect and shoulders straight. Work was done more cheerfully; a new spirit pervaded the place. Tony Marino, Bowery bad man, escaped and, standing ready to catch a train with money in his pockets, listened to the pleas of former prisoners to return and "save the name of the League"; he returned, alone, knowing that two years would be added to his sentence.

But the establishment of self-government was not the only reform Mr. Osborne instituted at Sing Sing. He went after the grafters; he put out the cheating contractors who were defrauding the State. Such a record could not escape attack. Enemies arose on all sides. For a few months Mr. Osborne was the object of a campaign of abuse such as probably has had few parallels in this country. His personal character was assailed; a Westchester County grand jury indicted him for "perjury and neglect of duty." When the case came to trial the judge threw the charges out as too weak to be seriously considered. Mr. Osborne replied to these attacks, and he did not confine his replies to the courtroom. He took the stump. He went before audiences everywhere. Not only did he explain the grafting that went on at Sing Sing but he explained his new ideas about prison management. He described the abuses of the old system with a wit, an irony, an invective, a bitter denunciation of its aimlessness and stupidities that stirred his hearers deeply. Never have the follies of our conventional methods of handling prisoners been so effectively dealt with as in the speeches of Thomas Mott Osborne.

His resignation from Sing Sing came partly as a result of official meddlesomeness and partly as a result of the limitations of his own temperament. Meanwhile, self-government has not been much used as a therapeutic agent in American prisons. It is aside from the main line of criminological thinking. We are learning today that many criminals—probably more than half—are the victims of mental abnormalities and ailments that bear a direct causal relation to their crimes. It is the removal or modifying of these abnormalities that gives the greatest hope for the reformation of prisoners. Self-government takes little account of such factors. Mr. Osborne himself disclosed small understanding of this deeper approach to the problem. It was his genius for personal relationships and his power of appeal to the hearts of afflicted men that accounted primarily for his success.

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Barbarism to Convicts

By BURT M. McCONNELL

AT intervals within the last three years there have come from Florida, Alabama, and North Carolina stories of the cruel and inhuman treatment of convicts that bring back visions of the thumb-screws and racks of the Spanish Inquisition. There is the case of Martin Tabert, for example, a twenty-two-year-old farmer boy from North Dakota who wanted to "see the world." Arrested as a vagrant in Florida and sentenced to pay a fine of $25 or become a convict for ninety days, he wired home for the money. It was sent to him by special delivery letter, but the Sheriff returned it, marked "Unclaimed." The Sheriff was getting $20 for each ninety-day prisoner turned over to a certain lumber company.

Tabert was farmed out to work for this lumber company, was flogged frequently with a heavy whip, and died in a delirium after an especially severe beating.

When the suspicious circumstances surrounding his death were called to the notice of the North Dakota Legislature, a resolution was passed calling upon the State of Florida to investigate. Despite the fact that there was some resentment against this "interference" with the affairs of one State by another, the Florida Legislature ordered an inquiry. This investigation, which established the fact that Tabert was beaten to death, resulted in such a wave of protest against Florida's county convict system that legislation was enacted prohibiting the leasing of all classes of convicts.

It was established that the Sheriff who had returned the money to Tabert's parents had an agreement with the lumber company to furnish it with free labor. The Sheriff was dismissed. The county judge who sentenced young Tabert was likewise dismissed, and the prison physician who was responsible for the care of prisoners in the lumber camp where Tabert died was denounced before the entire State as a "disgrace to the profession." The convict boss who wielded the lash was found guilty of second-degree murder in connection with the youth's death, and received a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment. Furthermore, a particularly brutal form of modern slavery was abolished; and with it the practice of whipping county convicts. Thus passed a regime that rivaled in hellishness the Siberian prison regime under the Czar of Russia or the horrors of the African slave trade. Martin Tabert, therefore, did not die in vain.

In fairness to the citizens of Florida, however, it should be stated that they believed the convict-leasing system to have been abolished several years before. And such traffic in human beings on the part of the State actually had been abolished by statute. But counties were still permitted to lease short-term prisoners to corporations or individuals.

The publicity given to the Tabert case helped to abolish this form of modern slavery in Florida, just as the story of "Uncle Tom" is credited with having played a large part in the abolition of slavery in the United States. Conditions were perhaps overdrawn in both instances, but it was necessary to cite extreme examples. It was necessary just before the Civil War to shake Americans out of their natural complacency, just as it was essential to bring sharply to the attention of Florida the cruel and barbarous methods in force at its county convict camps. For an easy-going and forgetful tolerance, especially regarding evils which do not happen uncomfortably close to our own doors, is one of the fundamental traits of Americans. It was this complacence which permitted the slave trade to flourish for so many years.

Last spring the Attorney General of Alabama conducted an investigation into the death of a convict which revealed a system that coins the sweat and blood of helpless human beings into profit, chiefly for a few corporations, and, secondly, for the State. The officials responsible for this deplorable state of affairs maintain that Alabama's convicts must be made self-supporting; and that it is necessary to lease them to private corporations and work them in coal mines. But in five Alabama prisons where there are no mines 1,784 convicts turned into the State treasury a net profit of more than $300,000 for the last fiscal year. The three prisons where there are mines continue to earn around $600,000 each year.

The Governor of Alabama has the power under State laws to end every form of convict leasing in Alabama, and it has seemed that each of the last three administrations might abolish the system; but it has always been passed along to the next. The excuse is that some way must be found to handle the convicts without placing further tax burdens upon the people. The State therefore sends its convicts to work in mines and other properties of private corporations. In the case of coal companies, where State convicts are concerned, the State supposedly leases the property from the corporation, mines the coal with convicts under its own control, and sells the coal back to the lessor. Actually, the State merely leases the prison stockade and its grounds and buildings. This was the arrangement which replaced the outright leases.

But this condition applies only to State convicts. County convicts, even in this enlightened age, are leased outright to private corporations. In fifty-one of sixty-seven counties in Alabama the county convicts are leased at so much per head to private concerns and individuals for work in coal mines, saw-mills, on farms, roads, etc. The concerns leasing them work them as they see fit, with their own bosses and guards. This amounts to the leasing of human beings into bondage. It is a system that encourages chain-gang bosses to practice brutality to keep production up to a certain standard. Both State and county systems are grounded in human greed and a species of moral cowardice that restrains Alabama's officials from levying taxes sufficient to bring in the necessary revenue.

What of North Carolina? Two serious convict scandals have come to light within the last year and a half. Early in 1925 Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, executive secretary of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, brought two chain-gang guards to trial for the killing of convicts at one of the prison camps. The evidence which

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her investigators produced sent these men to prison for twenty years.

Last summer this same determined official brought about the prosecution of a former boss of the Stanly County convict chain-gang for the murder of two Negro prisoners. Although the convict road boss was acquitted on the testimony of two physicians that the convicts had died of sunstroke, the State's prosecutor proved beyond any reasonable doubt that the road boss cruelly beat the two Negroes on one of North Carolina's hottest days, when the men either were ill or feigned illness. They were beaten both in the morning and again in the afternoon. The last time they lapsed into unconsciousness and died the next morning. Other witnesses—ex-convicts, ex-guards, and citizens—told tales of cruel treatment administered by the road boss to his prisoners which rival the merciless methods used by slave drivers in the building of the pyramids.

But it was not for the jury to decide whether it was the practice in Stanly County to flog convicts with heavy leather straps, to beat them with clubs or shovels, to drag them behind a tractor over rough ground, or hang them up by their wrists to the ceiling. And in finding the convict boss not guilty of the killing of the two Negroes, the jury rendered no verdict on the question of general cruelty. But it is significant that the road boss, although accused of murder, did not take the witness stand to give testimony in his own defense; and that he was defended by ten of the best attorneys in the State.

Stanly County's "whipping boss" was acquitted, but North Carolina's chain-gang system was convicted. That, in a nutshell, is the result of the trial. However, the trial brought to the attention of the public one of the serious problems that will confront North Carolina's next legislature—the abolition of the county chain-gang. It was abolished in Stanly County last fall, after the indictment of the former chain-gang boss. But more than fifty counties in the State still maintain these gangs.

North Carolina has two penal systems—the State penitentiary, where prisoners are employed in factories, on the prison farms, or are hired out to road contractors under State guard; and the county chain-gangs. There is no connection between the two, and the State Prison Board has no authority over the chain-gangs. The latter had their inception in the carpet-bagger days. They have continued with all the cruelty that might be expected when a chain-gang boss is vested with the authority of a czar. When convict bosses and guards have the power to inflict brutal treatment upon human beings, sooner or later they inflict it. That is the history of penal systems and the law of human nature.

Convicts are human beings, and they are helpless in the hands of the State. They should not be pampered and they should be required to discharge the debt which they owe to society. But, however far the convict may have fallen from grace, he is entitled to humane treatment. He is entitled to the protection of the State. And while it is right for the State to punish crime, for the protection of society, it should realize that every Christian nation in the world has prohibited the flogging of prisoners. The United States Government specifically prohibits the whipping of inmates of federal prisons or of men in the army and navy.

If other nations and our other States can maintain prison discipline without the use of the lash, why can not Alabama and North Carolina? The Governor of Georgia abolished convict leasing eighteen years ago, simply by calling a special session of the legislature. There was no quibbling, no hesitation, no beating about the bush, such as we have seen in Alabama. In Georgia convicts are not subjected to the cruelties of a coal-mine or chain-gang straw-boss; nor do they endure tortures in an isolated lumber camp, such as were exposed in Florida by the death of Martin Tabert. Nor is there complaint by State welfare officers of conditions among the convicts of Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Cruelty is not a characteristic of the people of the South. For this reason it is all the more urgent that the disgrace of the cruel convict boss be wiped out. For civilization depends, in part, on the general tendency to be humane and decent, even to criminals.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, alas! is not a go-getter, a he-man, or yet a 100 per cent American. From an earlier and more leisurely generation he takes a profound suspicion of this new and upstart culture. But he loves America, and because he loves her, the more bitter sometimes is the pill he has to swallow. Yet his face is by no means granite as he confronts the totality of the kingdom of Babbitt. The Drifter, heaven forbid, is no accountant. He would almost rather be a realtor. But he recognizes that such a term as "balance-sheet" may have its uses. It is a term to suit the philosopher, if he be so inclined, as well as the accountant. So the Drifter has made a balance-sheet of America, with assets to represent the things which please him and liabilities to represent the things which displease him. He is prepared to admit that some features of the asset items as listed are not altogether satisfactory, while some features of the liability items are not total losses. What he has done is to cite words standing for things which give him, as a whole, a rather definite reaction either of pleasure or of pain; of pride or of shame.

* * * * *

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF A CRANK

Assets	*Liabilities*
The Lincoln Memorial	The Movies
Bathrooms	The Radio
School buildings	Telephones
The Theater (in New York at least)	Saxophones
Henry Ford	Advertising
New England farm houses	The cult of the automobile
Bobbed hair	Correspondence Courses
Engineers	Comic Supplements
90,000 readers of the *Mercury*	Rotary clubs
Amateur athletics	Professional sport
Public health stations	The Great Open Spaces
About six novelists	Slums
Ditto poets	Mr. Bruce Barton
Ditto artists	Politicians (no exceptions)
Hydroelectric stations	99 per cent of all fiction
The outside of country clubs	Investment bankers
Anthropologists	The inside of country clubs
Mr. Herbert Hoover (see contra)	The *Saturday Evening Post*
More out-of-door children	Mr. Herbert Hoover (see contra)
More rebellious undergraduates	The Ku Klux Klan
	The Ghost of the Sage of East Aurora

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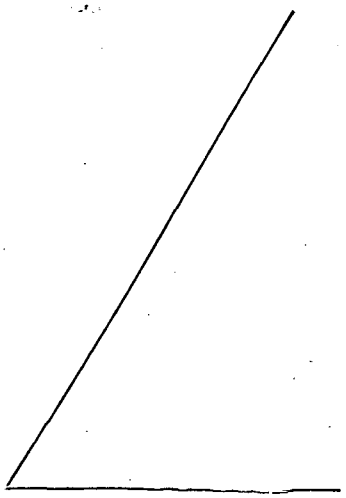
Assets	*Liabilities*
Experimental schools	Hot dogs
Silk stockings	Suburbia
Cement bridges	Fundamentalists
The National Geographic Magazine	Prisons (no exceptions)
Pueblos	The National Manufacturers Association
John Dewey	Home, Mother, and the Flag
One-piece bathing suits	Traveling salesmen
Some psychologists	Millionaires
Ring Lardner	Tabloids
Short skirts	Bridge
The lads who build sky-scrapers	Pittsburgh
	Skyscrapers (with exceptions)
California wines	Subways
Flappers (in reason)	Men's clothes
Fire Departments	Prohibition
Birth Control	Books in sets
Slang	Professional uplifters
Cosmetics (in reason)	Atlantic City
Motor buses	College presidents
Professional women	Publicity directors
The Hotel Shelton	Evangelists (no exceptions)
The Marx Brothers	Mission furniture
The Hudson River	Soft drinks
Oil heaters	Mr. William Lothrop Stoddard
Beacon Hill on Christmas Eve	Phonographs
Mr. Clarence Darrow	Chewing gum
To balance	Associated Charities
	Stock exchanges
	Stock yards
	Florida
	Interior decorators
	Currency reformers
	Boy friends
	Automatic pianos
	Y. M. C. A.'s
	Mr. Bernarr Macfadden
	Railroad stations (4 exceptions)
	Lawyers
	Package goods
	Los Angeles
	Mr. Arthur Brisbane
	Personality perfumes
	Service
	Dr. Frank Crane



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WHICH runs him out of assets with no check whatsoever on the free mental flow of liabilities. He balances forthwith. The Drifter will welcome audits and corrections or even comparative balance-sheets. But do not try to trip him up for being illogical. He admits it in advance. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Why Profanity Declines

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: John Nicholas Beffel comments on the Decline of Profanity but he does not tell *why* it has declined and what has replaced it. Profanity has declined because religious faith has weakened, and thereby crippled the power of profanity to shock. The modern substitute for profanity is obscenity. I often marveled, when in the army, to hear discourse in which every sentence reeked with obscenity. The speaker usually lugged it in, evidently seeing that without it his utterances would have lacked force and style.

Englewood, N. J., September 30 S. C. GILFILLAN

Remember Anthony Burns

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest some readers of *The Nation* to learn that the grave of Anthony Burns, whose surrender under the Fugitive Slave Law stirred the nation in 1854, is in the cemetery at St. Catharines, Ontario. The gravestone bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORIAM
Rev. Anthony Burns,
The fugitive slave of the Boston riots, 1854,
Pastor of Zion Baptist Church;
Born in Virginia, May 31, 1834;
Died in the triumph of Faith in St. Catharines,
July 27th, A. D. 1862.

The stone has fallen over and is broken into three or four pieces. A very small sum would repair it and set it upright once more. No doubt the city authorities at St. Catharines would look after this if friends would provide for it.

London, Ontario, October 19 FRED LANDON

Progress?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Like Nathan Haskell Dole, I was brought up "after the straitest sect of the Pharisees," though with no such melancholy remembrances of the Sabbath, then rather rigidly observed, as seems to have followed him. I am not sure that the American Sunday as we have it now is an altogether cheerful spectacle, and I doubt very much whether it produces the moral stamina which came out of many of the old Puritan homes.

But the world of our day differs from the world of grandfather Dole's day in much more important particulars. It is one world in a measure then undreamed of. The labor power of the world is a giant compared with the pigmy of a century ago. In the expansion of human contacts and the expansion of man's creative power we are ahead of all the generations that have been. Whether these two items are to work for good or evil is the issue we face, and the event is by no means as certain as some of our liberal optimists would have us infer. The field is ours and the tools are ours. But whether betterment is really ours only our ability to get beyond individualism and idealism into the necessary economic adjustments can tell.

Los Angeles, October 15 ROBERT WHITAKER

Are Farm Speculators Entitled to Pity?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The material of Mr. Marsh's article is valuable and many of his deductions well worth consideration, but I fail to perceive the ground of his corollary that immigration should be stopped for a term of years and a government effort made to place superfluous farmers in industry. That misses the point.

The farming industry in this country has been based on a continuous increase of population. The cessation of that factor is a main cause of the present trouble. Nevertheless it produced artificial prosperity through the continuous rise in land values. An end to that condition was due, although not perhaps for fifty years, and much might have happened in that time.

The cardinal defect of our farming system is treating the land itself as merchandise instead of treating the products as such. Rent should be not a fixed sum but dependent on the returns, as it was the world over prior to the Reformation;

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and where the farmer owns the land his taxes should be on the same basis.

I have personally undertaken over periods of years several agricultural experiments, always profitably for the reason that I secured my market first. This is what is still done in many parts of Europe, notably France. The secret lies in bringing the consumer to the producer to consume the products on the spot, instead of indiscriminately producing and then howling for markets. But the corollary of that system requires that the land itself should not be treated as merchandise.

Oakland, California, October 21 EDWARD HENDERSON

Solving the Slums

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial, Cleaning Up the Slums, is clever and does you justice. May I diffidently add that it does not seem to solve any problem?

It is true that I have had small success as yet with the Five Hundred. McAllister fared better with his Four Hundred until in an unguarded moment a friend induced him to try a new polish on his high hat, which turned green when the sun shone on it. The parable of the camel and the needle and the other quadruped still holds good. Some of the wealthy are like the stamp collector with the possible exception that the stamp collector is not a bird of prey. Tut-ankh-amen tried an Egyptian recipe for taking his wealth with him and we know that he failed. But we have a new plan now which the wealthy will applaud and which we may give to the world next week. It will then remain for State and city to tell us whether they will come in, and I believe they will.

I am familiar with Governor Smith's bill passed at the last legislature, but, as you say, it was emasculated and we need more drastic action and opportunity for action. Cooperation between State, city, and our citizens can be had. Politics in this particular instance can, in my judgment, be eliminated. I have some knowledge of the facts of the case. I may be too optimistic. Who can tell? In one way or another we must support or help support those less mentally well equipped than we are, whose arms are falling from sheer fatigue. I know that with your generosity you will support our new plan when it is made known.

New York, October 23 AUGUST HECKSCHER

Florida Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The natural laws that operate in Florida are fortunately operative in every locality on earth that is suddenly visited with partial or complete loss, by fire, flood, earthquake, or hurricane. Immediately communal interest is aroused and self-preservation is secured through mutual aid. What was before a loose aggregation of individuals, each seeking personal success through competitive methods, becomes a welded group enlarged through sympathy of distant groups until well-nigh the entire nation is a unit for and during the emergency. This is in reality the most hopeful evidence of future advancement, for the spasmodic effort may sometime become the general and constant trend.

The first manifestation we look for after a disaster is aid from the outside. But would any locality be so abject and cowardly as to trade upon its losses, fail to round up its resources, and by general inaction announce to the world that it is both *down and out* and is willing henceforth to be the object of national charity?

Now when a community knows that its assets are sunshine, climate, shelter, food, recreation, pleasure—and also knows that unless these are amply provided at a given time there will be continued loss and suffering—is it not admirable rather than damnable for that community or commonwealth to go resolutely to the work of rehabilitation and boldly announce that it intends to accomplish the seemingly impossible? Is it not legitimate if any community knows that its condition is grossly exaggerated, to ask for a restatement?

Let us not heap upon a stricken State the necessity of coping with unfriendly propaganda. Let us leave its citizens free to use all their mental, moral, and financial resources for the task of getting their communities ready to supply their winter guests with all the comforts they desire.

Real-estate frenzy may in the future as in the past break out in any locality. Realtors may flock from every State in the Union, as they have to Florida. But this condition cannot dominate the situation in any State that can offer a winter home.

California and Florida welcome the winter tourist as the Northern resorts do their summer guests. Why should they not all frankly admit that self-preservation lies that way? Why should self-efforts to rehabilitate any stricken area, and brave demeanor that looks forward, be considered worthy only of scorn?

MRS. OWEN R. LOVEJOY

St. Petersburg, Florida, October 15

Another Kind of Animal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't see why you don't mention in your editorial The Political Zoo the program of the Socialist Party. It is true, as you say, that thinking persons everywhere are greatly worried by the steadily growing control of the country's life by the vast corporations centering in Wall Street. The only way to stop that control is the Socialist remedy of having the country own these corporations. Experience has amply demonstrated that mere attempts to control them will not suffice, because when the government tries to control or regulate the corporations the corporations or their owners simply put forth extra effort and extra cash to control the government by buying the Democratic and Republican parties. Both these parties today get their campaign funds from the plutocrats and both of them, as your article well shows, are therefore servants of plutocracy.

The Socialist Party, on the other hand, has stood steadfastly against this tendency. It alone had the courage to oppose the war, and since the war it has been banding its shattered forces to recover the ground lost at that time. It had the courage to sympathize with and support the Russian Revolution while at the same time it had the wisdom to refuse to accept Moscow domination.

Cambridge, Mass., October 20 ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Indispensability Discovered

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A former classmate of mine returned to China early in September and left me with the request to send him, among the scores of American periodicals that he used to read, only two—*The Nation* and the *American Mercury*.

His request has been a blessing to me, for it necessitated a more careful reading of these two journals. I learned more about *The Nation* and found it better than I suspected. I discovered the excellence of the book reviews—the review of "The Story of Philosophy," to mention only one—and began to read Mr. Krutch's dramatic column regularly. And there are, of course, the never-failing editorials. *The Nation* is becoming indispensable to me, as it has become to thousands of others. When I return to China I hope I shall have the price of a subscription.

New York, October 22 CHI-CHEN WANG

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Books and Plays

Dagger

(Translated from the Russian of Lhermontov)

By MAX EASTMAN

I love you well, my steel-white dagger,
Comrade luminous and cold;
Forged by a Georgian dreaming vengeance,
Whetted by Circassians bold.

A tender hand, in grace of parting,
Gave you to mark a meeting brief;
For blood there glimmered on your metal
A shining tear—the pearl of grief.

And black eyes, clinging to my glances,
Filled deep with liquid sorrow seemed;
Like your clear blade where flame is trembling,
They darkened quickly and they gleamed.

You were to be my long companion.
Give me your counsel to the end!
I will be hard of soul and faithful,
Like you, my iron-hearted friend!

First Glance

THE study of literary reputations is not as secondary as it sounds. Possibly the primary thing for a writer about literature to do is to discuss the qualities of great works, and in doing so to keep himself pure from contact with anything outside the authors under discussion and their books. But the trouble is that no good book stands alone. Poor ones do; they speak to nobody, nobody speaks to them. Good books are good among other reasons because people talk about them. And often it develops that the things thought and said about a masterpiece are as interesting as the masterpiece itself. This is particularly true of books which are centuries old, and which, through being constantly read while changes come about in the public taste and point of view, become virtually new books. The study of reputations thus becomes the study of the history of literary ideas.

Not long ago I reviewed three large volumes from the Cambridge University Press which followed the turns of Chaucer's fame through five centuries. Now from the Yale University Press comes another such study of an English reputation, on almost as great a scale. "Fielding the Novelist," by Frederic T. Blanchard ($6), is an exhaustive account of the things which have been said about "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia" since their first appearance. To some readers the account will seem frightfully complete; but if they read on they will be vastly entertained and informed. They will see Fielding's reputation growing in its proper dramatic relationship to the reputations of other men—now down, now up, now suffering from comparisons and now benefiting by them. All the while, incidentally, they will be aware that the inarticulate public has read Fielding without stint; and this is interesting. Mr. Blanchard, allowably enough, confines himself to expressed opinions. First there was the opinion that Richardson spoke more directly "to the heart" than Fielding did. This was and is true—the significant thing being, however, the eighteenth century's preference for Richardson because of this. From the first also—and well on into the nineteenth century—there was the opinion that Fielding's novels could not be good books because their author was supposed to have been a bad man. Then there was the opinion that Fielding had not been great because he had not been sublime or romantic; there was the competition he had to face with Scott and later with Stevenson. There were charges in turn that he lacked "imagination" and "mystery," that he laughed too much, that he was only an observer of life—not a critic of it, or something like that. Always, too, there were individual champions, from Gibbon and Coleridge to Henley and Professor Cross.

Mr. Blanchard himself is so much the champion that he neglects to consider, after bringing his hero to the present full tide of his fame, the possibility of future descents into disfavor. I hope that none of these, if there are any, will be serious or for long; but I am sure they will occur. In the very near future, for instance, will there not be schools of critics who cannot get excited over Fielding's simplicity, democracy, and worship of nature? Will not these elements seem superfluously emphasized in "Tom Jones"? Doubtless nobody knows. But anyone may guess, and Mr. Blanchard's book would have been even more complete than it is had he done some guessing.

MARK VAN DOREN

Izvolsky Again

Izvolsky and the World War. By Friedrich Stieve. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

FRIEDRICH STIEVE has placed students of war origins under a double debt of gratitude. In a four-volume German edition of Izvolsky's correspondence he has rendered accessible some five hundred more letters and telegrams sent or received by the Russian ambassador in Paris from 1911 to 1914 than are given in Marchand's much-quoted "Livre Noir." Then by summarizing and commenting on the more significant passages in this correspondence he made the readable and compact study of Franco-Russian diplomacy before the war which is here translated into English. He comes to the following conclusion: "Since 1911 Izvolsky had been working for world war. Poincaré joined him in the autumn of 1912. And since the end of 1913 Sazonov also had seen in European complications the road which would lead Russia to the Straits."

Against Izvolsky Herr Stieve seems to make a pretty convincing case. After Izvolsky had made three futile attempts to open the Straits of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles to Russian warships in 1907, in 1908, and in 1911, he appears to have come to the conclusion that this could not be accomplished except through the complications of a general European war. It was, however, not Germany or Austria which had blocked his path but mainly England. Sir Edward Grey was unwilling to see the Straits opened to Russian warships but left closed to other Powers; to allow Russian warships to sally forth from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean and retreat again where the ships of other Powers were not allowed to follow them would be to convert the Black Sea into a great potential Russian naval fortress. So after 1911 Izvolsky appears to have done all he could to tighten the Triple Entente as opposed to the Triple Alliance and so prepare for the war which he regarded as inevitable and of which he said exultingly when it came in July, 1914: "C'est ma guerre!"

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But as regards M. Poincaré and M. Sazonov, Herr Stieve is less convincing. By over-simplification and by his selection of passages to prove his thesis, he seeks to make it appear that the aims and policies of Izvolsky, Poincaré, and Sazonov were identical and in harmony. But if one reads the original documents carefully and without bias, one sees that this is by no means the case. Sazonov was a changeable, secretive, weak minister, who was much afraid of Pan-Slav press criticism. He did not always reveal his purposes to his ally or to his ambassador in Paris. He sometimes shifted his ideas in a manner most disconcerting to the French and the English. M. Poincaré, as he now asserts in his recently published memoirs, was often suspicious of both Sazonov and Izvolsky. The latter he now declares was a snob, an arch-intriguer, and an unreliable reporter of conversations; the pity is that, if he really felt so about him before the war, he did not get him recalled and have a more reliable Russian ambassador sent to Paris in his place. But he evidently feared that any serious attempt to do so might jeopardize his great aim of tightening the bonds of the Triple Entente. In working with might and main for this, he tended to divide the Powers of Europe more and more into two armed and opposing camps, so that the Triple Entente could impose its will on the Triple Alliance; or if a diplomatic crisis arose, the former would defy the latter and willingly risk war rather than accept diplomatic defeat. This was exactly what happened in 1914. A European war was not "inevitable." But Poincaré believed that it was inevitable. He made his preparations accordingly by tightening the Triple Entente, by the adoption of the three-year term of service, and by his loans and repeated promises of support to Russia. In so doing, he did in fact tend to make the war "inevitable." This is his great responsibility, rather than that he plotted deliberately with Izvolsky to bring about a war by which France should recover Alsace-Lorraine.

Even if one does not accept all of Herr Stieve's conclusions, his book is one which students of war origins should read and check up by reference to the original documents from which he has made selections.

SIDNEY B. FAY

The Modest Method of Willa Cather

My Mortal Enemy. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A CHARACTERISTIC contemporary novel which lies open before me begins: "The door opened and the sunlight sprang into the hall like a great blond beast." Miss Cather, on the other hand, commences thus: "I first met Myra Henshaw when I was fifteen." Where the first would capture the attention by violent assault, the other asks only with classic courtesy for the loan of one's ears, and this beginning is characteristic of a certain modesty of method in which half the charm of Miss Cather's stories lies.

In a penetrating essay, The Novel Démeublé, she has herself made a plea for a type of fiction less elaborate in its mechanics than the conventional novel, and she has put her preaching into practice by scrupulously avoiding in her best work any machinery more elaborate than her tale required; yet the modesty of which I speak is something beyond that—something which inheres in the very fact that her stories are frankly stories, events retained in the mind of, and recounted by, a definite person. At a time when novelists are seeking above all else "immediacy" of presentation and are employing not seldom fantastic means to attain it, she has sought no such illusion, has made no effort so to dramatize her narrative as to make it the equivalent of a contemporaneous experience. Events are seen frankly through the haze of distance; the thing immediately present is not these events themselves but the mind in which they are recollected; and the effect is, therefore, not the vividness and the harshness of drama but something almost elegiac in its softness. The knowledge of the narrator is both mellow and imperfect; he gropes, reflects, and tries (after the manner of a human, far from omniscient, spectator) to piece together the bits of his information and to extract from it as much as he can of its secret meaning. What we get is not that sense of present action for which novelists more commonly seek but rather a mood—the reverberations of wonder, of interest, and of pity which have lingered after many years in a sensitive, resonant temper.

Told in a different fashion the story of "My Mortal Enemy" might be almost lurid. Its central character, a somewhat spectacular woman who made in her youth a sacrifice of wealth for love and then found herself throughout life unable to maintain the high mood which would make of such sacrifice a success, is all but flamboyant. Yet told as Miss Cather tells it the effect is not of storm and stress but rather of a quiet and brooding sadness, because its center is the mind of the narrator. She has known the woman when she was still the heroine of a village legend, still a symbol of the love and youth that triumph over difficulty; she has seen her at intervals during the years that follow; and she has gradually divined how things stand, how what began as high romance has ended in the sordid impasse to which a wife who insists upon luxuries beyond her husband's income leads both him and herself. To the girl who tells the story, Myra was more than merely an acquaintance, she was one of those from whom life could be learned. In her she had hoped to see romance justified, young faith encouraged; but from her she heard instead: "People can be lovers and enemies at the same time, you know. We were:—A man and woman drawn apart from that long embrace, and see what they have done to each other. Perhaps I can't forgive him for the harm I did him. Perhaps that's it. In age we lose everything; even the power to love." And it was not, we feel, that Myra was worse than most; only that high resolution is an affair of minutes, life an affair of years. Only things founded in selfishness and prudence last it out—hence the *lachrymae rerum* for which there is no help.

This method of Miss Cather's—and she has never, I think, been entirely successful except when adhering to it—has its obvious limitations. It does not stir deep passions and it is, as Nietzsche would have said, to the last degree Apollonian. The mood is a minor mood, brooding and faintly melancholic, with an eye turned always backward. But in the midst of our strident literature its graceful ease has a charm not easy to overestimate. Whenever Miss Cather evokes memory there comes with it a lingering fragrance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Selling Dinosaurs

On the Trail of Ancient Man. By Roy Chapman Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

THE advertising experts should go to school to the paleontologists. They sold books to millions at a few dollars each; but the experts of the American Museum of Natural History sold million-year-old dinosaur eggs to a few, at thousands of dollars each. Where other scientists have plodded across the nearer sands of Mongolia in painfully lonely expeditions the Museum has persuaded the public to finance the wildest, happiest, completest expeditions, equipped with up-to-date Gobi-conquering Dodge cars, caravans of camels, jazz to tame the unruly llamas, white table-cloths, and all the latest scientific apparatus. There is in the history of science no advertising success to compare with the Third Asiatic Expedition, which Mr. Chapman here describes, unless it be the feat of making Einstein world-famous with millions who had no idea what it was all about.

The beauty of it is that with all the trumpet-blowing it was in fact both a merry and a successful scientific adventure. Kozloff and Sven Hedin followed their camels for years; Roy Andrews picked the best months of the year and in his Detroit motor-cars covered a camel's week in a day, and, with his crew

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of botanists, zoologists, geologists, paleontologists, and motor mechanics, forced the Gobi Desert to yield up treasures which slower travelers had never suspected. "On the Trail of Ancient Man" is the first hasty summary, a sort of report to stockholders. It tells a gorgeous story of hunting the Golden Fleece in the rugged mountains of Shensi, of wild motor rides across country unknown even to the Mongols, of mad races with gazelles who spurted at sixty miles an hour and wild asses who kicked up the sands for sixteen steady miles at thirty miles per hour, of the discovery of a dinosaur nest where a precipice dropped into the desert, of sandstorms that ripped the beds from under sleepers, of the patient work of scientists who brush fossils out of sandstone with a camel's-hair brush, of baluchitheres that died in quicksand a million years ago, of impressive fossil links between Cretaceous Asia and America, of almost everything except the trail of ancient man. Of that there is little beyond Henry Fairchild Osborn's prophecy that the origin of man would be traced to Mongolia, "the roof of the world." They did discover relics of a prehistoric race of dune-dwellers who made dinosaur eggs into necklaces some twenty thousand years ago—but two unadvertised French Jesuits had found as much and more, in the Ordos Desert south of Andrews's hunting-grounds, two years earlier, and these dune-dwellers are by no means the earliest known men. The Jesuits knew less of advertising than the New Yorkers, which perhaps is their loss. For the world has a right to ask that its scientists tell it the news in terms that it can understand, and it responds to those who tell the tale.

Roy Andrews has the gift of communicating his own enthusiasms. Apparently the whole expedition absorbed his adventurous passion for the uncrowded reaches of the earth, and the hunt for fossils became a rollicking chapter in pioneer romance. There is melodrama in his account of how six armed Americans overawed a score of zealous Mongol frontier officials and of how he routed bandits beyond Kalgan; there is poetry in his pictures of the purple cliffs and dancing mirages of the Gobi; and on page after page one finds that frontier spirit which, across the barriers of language, creates a bond between American and Mongol and—though Andrews seems not to know it—Russian.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

"Angel"

Angel. By Du Bose Heyward. George H. Doran Company. $2.

"ANGEL," like "Porgy" last year, leaves one with a compulsive sense of radiance and loneliness; and it is the direct continuity of spirit, running clear as water from one book to the other, that convinces one of Mr. Heyward's integrity and intensity as a writer. The books are different and similar. One is the story of a man, a Negro of the swarming tenements in Charleston; the other is the story of a girl who is rapturously a part of the isolated North Carolina mountains. But the two tales have in common a crystalline quality through which is felt the personal will butted against immensity, pitting a single strength against the whole procession. The passionate desire to remain intact possesses most of Mr. Heyward's characters. His belief in the right to live, his perception of the tragic frustrations that are so often the doom of the rebel, his sympathy for primitive people and their codes—these are the sinews which build his elemental dramas.

They are made of more than sinew. They are lavishly full of beauty—"Angel" particularly, for Mr. Heyward knows the North Carolina highlands well. Angel is a girl of these hills. She lives with her father, the Rev. Thornley, a gaunt itinerant preacher. Submissive habit makes her follow her father's exhortations, but the hills speak to her more deeply than his prayers. When Angel falls in love with Buck Merritt she must abandon herself to him joyfully. Buck makes whiskey and is as honestly proud of his still, which has come to him from his grandfather, as Thornley is proud of his profession; but it is against just such moonshiners that Thornley has battled most tenaciously. He betrays Buck to the sheriff; the mountaineers burn with the outrage; but they cannot guess the traitor, and Angel is unable to sacrifice her own parent. Angel henceforth is more isolated than ever. Yet, married to a worthless, uncouth fellow whose cabin is far from any settlement and who is willing to say nothing about Buck's child, she saves herself from the bitter defeat of other mountain women. The complicated climax is the only weakness of the book. "Porgy" was superbly simple; "Angel" shines with the same simplicity at first, but the end is not so convincing.

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Historical Portraiture

Jefferson. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

Fathers of the Revolution. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

THESE two volumes offer a challenge to the historian. They have literary merit. Needless to say neither of the authors is a professional researcher. I feel almost compelled to take upon myself the defense of my fellow-craftsmen who sin so frequently against the laws of belles-lettres and sometimes even glory in their independence. Substance is so much more desirable than form. I shall not gird on my armor, however, for the challenge is a fiction. The majority of historians are craftsmen, and worthy craftsmen; but they are not artists. Fortunately a few do combine a knowledge of their trade with the practice of artistry. Consider Carl Becker and Claude Bowers. "Le style c'est l'homme." What need for a defense?

The purpose of the two volumes is the same, historical portraiture. Both have succeeded, but not in equal measure. Their problems differ somewhat. The space at the disposal of Mr. Nock is sufficient for a full-length portrait with every detail carefully worked out. On the other hand, Mr. Guedalla portrays in less space twelve men, six Englishmen, four Americans, and two Frenchmen (by a whimsical inversion he places among the founders of the Republic George III, Lord North, and Generals Burgoyne and Cornwallis). But this difference in acreage does not affect a comparison of the results.

Mr. Nock calls his book "a study in conduct and character." He is careful to deny that he is an historian. The denial was superfluous, provided he means by the term a man of research. His instinct has been a safe guide. It has led him to a careful perusal of the best monographs on his subject; and he has evidently soaked himself for years in Jeffersoniana until he has been able to identify his own mind with that of the Great Democrat. This is an excellent preparation for his purpose of presenting to his readers a picture of Jefferson in his many activities as farmer, politician, political philosopher, diplomat, scientist, and inventor. He has been remarkably successful. The man Jefferson stands forth with all his virtues and vices. I have but one serious criticism to make of the portrait. Mr. Nock has failed to do justice to the politician; Jefferson was a pioneer in developing the machinery of politics and in experimenting with the manipulation of public opinion in a democracy.

The reader of this work is never conscious of the art of the author. The simplicity of the style and its directness constitute the charm of the narrative. Jefferson through his acts and his words is constantly kept in the forefront of the picture. This is the proper historical method. The man is revealed through his activities, physical and mental. Whether he likes it or not, Mr. Nock must be accorded a place among the skilled historians who are primarily interested in synthesis.

Mr. Guedalla is a professional litterateur, and he never lets you forget his vocation. His literary mechanism is always in evidence. That the reader may be intrigued at the start, he

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begins in a majority of cases with a clever little essay of three or four pages on a subject wholly foreign to the portrait of the personage to be drawn. Thus Lord North is introduced by a dissertation on memorial statues, General Cornwallis by three pages on the failure of historic persons to recognize their significant acts. Perhaps his straining for effect grows wearisome, but at times Mr. Guedalla is very happy in his descriptions. He is graphic when he describes the aged Chatham as speaking in the House of Lords "less like an ex-minister than as chorus of a tragedy." Too frequently, however, one feels that truth is sacrificed to epigram. To write of Chatham in 1766 as having made "his name grotesque with a peerage" is downright silly. To call him "an Elizabethan minister astray in the eighteenth century" sounds clever; but unfortunately the Great Commoner resembled Disraeli much more than he did Walsingham. Neither comparison has any meaning.

Mr. Guedalla has failed in his portraiture where Mr. Nock has been most successful. He does not present his "Fathers" as acting or thinking. One outstanding reason for this is that he is not familiar enough with his characters. He has never lived with them. Furthermore his interpretation of the political situation is not up to date; it is of the vintage of 1900. He should have read numerous monographs and essays of which I fear he has never heard. He has read widely, but his interest has lain in externals, physical appearance, mannerisms in walking and talking. My pleasure in the book comes from the feeling of intimacy which I have with the subjects—the intimacy of watching a friend shaving.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

Pale Rain

Summer Storm. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company. $2.

IN most of Mr. Swinnerton's novels there is an architectural symmetry that inevitably delights the lover of technical excellence. By their harmonious parts, their neatly fitted joints, and their beautifully matched or contrasted decorative details they remind one of those flawless Romanesque churches that were built in such numbers at the beginning of this century. Instinct with artifice, if not with art, they are obviously made rather than born. And yet, in "Nocturne" and occasionally in "September" and "The Elder Sister," how unobtrusively the underlying framework reinforces the graceful structure laid upon it!

In "Summer Storm," too, one cannot but admire the skill with which Polly and Beatrice are counterpoised and every scene between them—or between either of them and Falconer—is made to yield its predetermined contribution to the whole drama. Nevertheless, as each carefully plotted conversation leaves its precisely measured quantity of enlightenment and uncertainty behind it, one becomes so much aware of the mechanics involved—especially in the matter of creating suspense—that one's apperception of the characters themselves is dimmed. It is as though a wall had been erected between us and the protagonists of the story, a wall of glass through which we see them clearly but always with the consciousness that they are out of reach.

The love of two girls for the same man is of course one of Mr. Swinnerton's favorite themes, but never before has he taken this problem so lightly. Polly is an engaging but colorless little creature, Beatrice by contrast suggests melodrama and the movies, and Falconer remains throughout merely a vague representative of the social class that Mr. Swinnerton seems least able to make convincing. Their loves and jealousies affect none of them very vitally and us not at all. It is in the subtle interplay of the relations between these three, rather than in them or in their feelings, that the reader will find his interest engaged. The story will hold him, as a story, despite any recognition he may have of its essential artificiality. He will applaud the author's successful projection of his varied backgrounds—the girls' office, the Lane house, the London streets—and of some of his minor characters—Mrs. Lane and Mercy, perhaps, though certainly not the incredible Mr. Abel. The sensitive reader will also be rejoiced by certain revelatory flashes of insight into the more delicate phases of emotion, such things, for example, as the recognition of the significant intimacy of the pronouns "we" and "you" on the lips of unacknowledged lovers. These flashes, however, are unexpectedly and disappointingly rare, and one's final impression of "Summer Storm" is that by the side of Mr. Swinnerton's lustrous best it must be ranked as a rather pale achievement.

GRACE FRANK

Social Bibliography

A Guide to the Printed Materials for English Social and Economic History (1750-1850). By Judith Blow Williams. Columbia University Press. Two volumes. $10.

"THE history of the Victorian Age will never be written: we know too much about it. . . . Concerning the age which has just passed, our fathers and our grandfathers have poured forth and accumulated so vast a quantity of information that the industry of a Ranke would be submerged by it, and the perspicacity of a Gibbon would quail before it." Mr. Lytton Strachey's familiar paradox haunts the weaker hours of historians of modern England. Yet in their best moments they know that their formidable task must and will be done. Society cannot afford to be without the guidance of reliable knowledge of its past, especially its immediate past; and contemporary England and America, reeling through the chaos of post-war and industrial disorganization, are in desperate need of what wisdom may be gleaned from England's experience of the Napoleonic Wars and the unprecedented problems of the Industrial Revolution. But by the bewildering acceleration of the printing press so vividly described by Mr. Strachey the Industrial Revolution has discouraged its interpreters at the very outset. Little wonder that there has been hitherto no source-book of recent social and economic history comparable to those which so dependably direct research into the ancient and medieval periods.

This lack Professor Williams has supplied most competently. She has surveyed the century between the inception of machine industry after 1750 and the emergence of the complex industrial state about 1850. Her "Guide" is much more than a compilation and classification of book titles, although even here her rummaging among obscure libraries, court and parish records, etc., contributes definitely to knowledge. Her method is selective. She has winnowed out the valuable third or quarter of some 25,000 volumes examined. She has subjoined to each bibliographical item a concise summary of its content, and often has added a personal judgment of value. The author's Foreword is a keen and sane analysis of the importance and difficulties of research in the period; and short histories of journalism, banking, trade unionism, law reforms, public-health movements, etc., introduce special sections. There are full bibliographies of government reports, of industrial technology in various stages, of economic and political theories and movements, of biographies of significant figures. The American scholar will welcome the greater proportion given to books available in libraries in the United States.

Remarkably few valuable books published anterior to 1925 have escaped inclusion in Professor Williams's 1,100 pages. She has foreseen "the incomprehensible omission of the obvious," of which one may instance the correspondence of J. S. Mill with Carlyle and with Gustave d'Eichthal, and the scholarly volumes of Mr. D. A. Wilson which are superseding Froude's untrustworthy "Life" of Carlyle. But any serious objection must be directed, not at her vigilance but at her judgment of the value

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of certain volumes or her policy of excluding certain materials. For example, the reviewer regrets her omission of "a systematic survey of works of general literature as reflecting the social problems of the time," for which she refers the reader to the "Cambridge History of English Literature" and similar works. Such departmentalizing of knowledge is unfortunate at a time when historians are increasingly recognizing the importance of literature as the classic expression of social attitudes, and when literary historians are awaking to the indispensability of social background for the adequate interpretation of letters. Encouragement to healthy cooperation among specialized historians could have been given by the mention of Professor Louis Cazamian's "Roman Social en Angleterre" and "Carlyle," and of American works like Professor Vida Scudder's "Social Ideals in English Literature" and Professor Ashley H. Thorndike's "Literature in a Changing Age."

But such cavils seem ungrateful in view of Professor Williams's thorough and self-effacing accomplishment of an enterprise so large and socially valuable. Her survey of primary sources comes at the opportune moment when an unusual number of secondary and interpretative works are in preparation. Hereafter there will be little excuse for glib or sentimental generalizations concerning the Industrial Revolution and other origins of contemporary civilization. The general student of history will welcome the selective character of Professor Williams's work, and the specialist will find it an invaluable point of departure. The productivity of the next decade and interest in events subsequent to 1850 will, it is hoped, bring forth a new edition; but the main roads through the field seem definitely opened.

EMERY NEFF

Books in Brief

Cornish Names. An Attempt to Explain over 1,600 Cornish Names. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

An interesting excursion into practical etymology.

The Inner Harbor. More Maine Coast Poems. By Wilbert Snow. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

The author of "Maine Coast" continues in his vigorous vein to celebrate the simpler virtues of New England. His material is interesting, and he is interesting; few recent volumes of poetry have been more readable. But his original fault, a somewhat wooden regularity of beat, is still present; and it would seem that he is most promising in those lyrics wherein he gets farthest away from the ideas of "description" and local color.

Pope. The Leslie Stephen Lecture for 1925. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

This essay is so good that it could have been better. As an appreciation of Pope's immortal poetry it is welcome and even exciting; but in the course of defending Pope against his romantic detractors, such as Matthew Arnold, Mr. Strachey had several opportunities to analyze the poet's quality, and this he never does. He only describes it.

Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg. Edited by Rebecca West. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

This selection is especially distinguished by Miss West's introduction, which brilliantly describes for a British audience—and for that matter an American one—the idiom of Mr. Sandburg, relating that idiom to the loquaciously introspective genius of the Middle West.

Science and Poetry. By I. A. Richards. The New Science Series, Vol. II. W. W. Norton and Company. $1.

An arresting analysis, inspired largely by the same author's "Principles of Literary Criticism," of the handicap incurred by poetry in any day, and particularly our own, when it bases itself upon beliefs. Beliefs change and poetry dies—unless it is pure. As in his previous book, Mr. Richards is concerned with a definition of poetry which shall make of it an instrument capable of clarifying and assisting, rather than thwarting or evading, the fundamental psychological processes.

The Elder Brother. By Anthony Gibbs. Dial Press. $2.

Viewed from the level of his first novel, this second one by Mr. Gibbs is a distinct step up. The author has put aside some of his Christmas-tree ornaments of style; he no longer turns verbal handsprings in front of his characters. The London and Oxford backgrounds are skilfully managed, and the narrative moves at a good clip. To be sure, one accepts the story with certain reservations, but unlike "Peter Vacuum" it does not deserve to be thrown bodily out of court.

The Keen Desire. By Frank B. Elser. Boni and Liveright. $2.

A certain kind of idealist recoils from life in silence. There is another kind, like the hero of this book, who with energy rushes terrified upon life, most afraid always of his fear, crying out with the pain of it. Martin Lavery has keen desires, but for just what he doesn't know. The book is a remarkably straightforward account of the behavior of a young man who is moved by mixed urgings, obsessional and rational; by the tension that comes from a fear of being patronized (he's so unsure of himself); and by an even more compelling fear of that fear. For the man of any insight knows that the real terror of life is terror of self. Martin's drunken debauches, his erotic reveries, his flutterings toward romance, his cruel and delicious self-torture, his unhappy consciousness of self are all put down, sometimes with shrewd observation and always with a terrible sincerity.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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Drama

Something New in Theaters

ON October 25 Miss Eva LeGallienne moved with a company into the dingy old playhouse on Fourteenth Street and constituted it forthwith The Civic Repertory Theater. On the outside the same old paint is peeling from the columns, and inside the same garish gold and red, dictated by Neapolitan taste in the recent days when the building housed popular-priced opera by and for the inhabitants of Little Italy, still offends the eye. The aisles are lined with well-worn linoleum and the seats are far from resplendent, yet the institution born amid these depressing surroundings is one to pique curiosity and to stir hopes. During the first week of its existence two ambitious plays were presented—one extremely well—and a long list of others is promised. Moreover the top price is one dollar and sixty-five cents.

That Miss LeGallienne is not a supremely great actress is obvious enough. She never succeeds in submerging her own rather odd personality in any role, and her plaintive voice is suitable only to baffled and querulous characters; but the energy which enabled her to launch her enterprise almost, it would seem, single-handed augurs well for its success, and she has, besides, proved herself a director of unusual skill. Of the two plays so far presented the first, Benavente's "Saturday Night," is merely, I think, a second-class work—pretentiously empty symbolism not quite redeemed by some bright lines and one act of colorful melodrama; the second, however, Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," is not merely a remarkable play but a challenge to any director as well. Almost completely innocent of action in the ordinary sense and depending entirely upon character and atmosphere for its effect, it demands the most skilful handling if it is not to fall into an intolerable tedium. In it three sisters, marooned on a Russian Main Street, bewail the dulness of their lives; when the final curtain descends it leaves them in a state somewhat worse than the one they were in when it rose; and that, in one sense, is all. Yet in the meantime the famous Russian soul has been skilfully anatomized by one who was enough of it to share its moods, enough above it to regard it with humorous detachment. A full dozen delicately delineated characters have had their hour upon the stage and the whole tone of Russian provincial society, with its mixture of poetic melancholy and rowdy gaiety, has been richly evoked. Chekhov has transferred to the stage both the baffled aimlessness of his stories and their charm as well. Or, rather, Chekhov has devised a text which challenges the director to do just that. No play could be less trusted to play itself, no play calls for more delicate emphasis or more skilful management of the numerous characters who are held in relation to one another not so much by the thread of any action as by their relation to a chord which the playwright has struck and of which they constitute the component notes. All that it demands of a director Miss LeGallienne has acomplished extraordinarily well, and the members of her company have found themselves uniformly capable of interpreting the various roles they are called upon to play.

More interesting, however, than either of the two plays so far produced is the question of the fate in store for the organization which produced them. Here is something new in the world of the New York theater, new not because it is a repertory theater but because it is one which apparently intends to make no concessions in the direction of what it is generally supposed that the public demands. Not only are "The Three Sisters" and most of the other plays so far announced plays which have no obvious appeal to even the more arty portion of the general public, but the institution itself has been founded without provision for any of the adventitious aids to success. There is no imposing list of patrons, no suggestion, a la *Vanity Fair*, that the best people will be expected to discuss Civic Repertory. Society can hardly be tempted to the shabby confines of the present building, which is not even picturesque like a Greenwich Village cellar or a remodeled horse-barn, but merely dingy instead. One does not even pay more here than elsewhere—one pays, indeed, considerably less—and so there is not the least reason for coming except, perchance, the desire to see a play which has nothing, not even sensational novelty, to recommend it except its own intrinsic merits. Never before has the thing been tried.

George Kelly's "Daisy Mayme" (Playhouse) is an amusing acid comedy which deals with a family struggle not unlike that which furnished the basis of the same author's "Craig's Wife." The scene is again Suburbia and the theme again the bitter, Machiavellian struggle of a woman for the possession of a house—this time the house of her brother into which a wife threatens to intrude. The malicious minuteness of Mr. Kelly's observation and the verisimilitude of his mimicry in dealing with the conversation and manners of the middle-class American are not surpassed by any of the numerous dramatic authors now exploiting the same milieu, but the thing which most clearly distinguishes him from the others is the dramatic tension which he manages to impart to his satires. Ridiculous his characters are, but his women have a demoniac intensity, a poison in their pettiness, that makes them terrible as well. "Daisy Mayme" is not merely funny, it is, like "Craig's Wife," exciting as well. At Henry Miller's Theater Raquel Meller is again appearing in a program of Spanish songs.

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International Relations Section

Soviet Industry

By HAROLD KELLOCK

KRASSIN, at the time he was Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Government, remarked: "If Russia can get foreign loans, she can recover. Without foreign loans she will have to crawl on her hands and knees." There have been no foreign loans. Yet the ninth anniversary of the Soviet state finds the monthly reports of the principal industries showing an output equal to that of 1913—with the exception of iron mining and the metal industry. The railways have reached pre-war effectiveness, and the mileage is several thousand miles greater than in 1913. The grain crop this year is close to pre-war production in the same territory. Other crops, with the exception of cotton and sugar beets, have increased over the pre-war rate of production.

The Soviet Union, altogether unaided, has made a more complete recovery than most of its European neighbors who have received substantial aid in the form of foreign loans. It has had 25,000 tractors—most of them imported from the United States—at work this fall, where there were only 12,500 a year ago and less than 500 before the war. It has reequipped and modernized its oil fields and is starting the same process with its coal mines. The per capita consumption of electric power in Moscow last year was 225 per cent of that in 1913. Industrial production during the fiscal year 1924-1925 (ending September 30, 1925) was 60 per cent greater than the previous year, that of the year ending September 30 last, estimated on the returns for eleven months of that period, was about 40 per cent above the output for 1924-1925. Labor efficiency has shown a steady gain; in the oil fields, during 1924-1925, it increased 15 per cent over the previous year. The rise of the cooperatives has been a marked factor in the recovery. The consumers' cooperatives alone now have a membership of 11,000,000 and conduct 53,446 stores as compared with 42,000 a year ago. Their turnover during the fiscal year just ended was upwards of three billion dollars, an increase of 50 per cent over the previous year. The foreign trade turnover of the Soviet state for 1922-1923 amounted to only $199,300,000. In 1924-1925 it had increased to $657,631,000. During the first nine months of 1925-1926 it was $555,680,000. The trade with the United States in 1925 was about $110,000,000, two and a half times the value of the pre-war trade.

According to preliminary statistics made public in October by the Supreme Economic Council in Moscow, the net profit yielded by State industry during the fiscal year ending September 30, 1926, was 450,000,000 rubles ($231,750,000). The gross value of industrial production increased 43 per cent, reaching 6,780,000,000 rubles as against 4,060,000,000 rubles in 1924-1925. The output of some of the principal industries follows:

	1925-1926	1924-1925
Coal (met. tons)	24,302,000	16,083,500
Oil (met. tons)	8,240,029	6,960,576
Pig iron (met. tons)	2,201,121	1,291,511
Martin steel (met. tons)	2,879,871	1,868,642
Rolled iron (met. tons)	2,138,440	1,390,203
Cotton cloth (1,000 meters)	1,999,282	1,499,020

Coal production for the year was reported as 87 per cent of the pre-war figure; oil, 90 per cent; iron and steel, 70 per cent; cotton textiles, 90 per cent. The number of workers employed in state industry on September 1, 1926, was reported at 1,931,478, as compared with 1,563,501 on September 1, 1925.

These are signs of remarkable progress. But a miracle of this sort has its limitations. While the gain in production is impressive there has been no commensurate gain in fixed capital. In fact the Soviet Union today is like any concern whose turnover is out of proportion to its capital resources. Factories and plants are now working pretty well up to 100 per cent of their capacity, the best factories under three shifts, yet there is virtually a famine in many classes of industrial goods. Prices of commodities are more than double pre-war prices. During the fiscal year just ended about $200,000,000 was squeezed out of the federal budget for the expansion of industry, agriculture, and the cooperatives, and internal loans added perhaps $100,000,000 more, but this was but a small mite toward new factories and reequipment, toward satisfying the soaring demands of the population for manufactured goods.

Now more than ever, it would appear, the placing of industry in the Soviet Union on a firm basis for the future depends upon the establishment of normal relations with the United States. Apparently the diplomatic stumbling block is the failure of the Soviet Government to acknowledge the American debt incurred by the transitory Kerensky regime—somewhat less than $200,000,000. Responsible Soviet officials have repeatedly expressed a willingness to negotiate a funding agreement for the Kerensky debt, but at the same time they point out that funding payments can be paid for only in goods which can not be produced without a substantial American loan for new factories and workshops. Perhaps a bit of diplomatic amiability will contribute to a solution of this impasse and promote a friendlier understanding between 115,000,000 Americans and 140,000,000 Russians.

Japan in Manchuria

WE print below extracts from an article by Sen Katayama, the noted Japanese revolutionist, which appeared in *Pravda* (Moscow) on September 12.

Japanese enterprises in Manchuria are at present using Chinese labor, the Japanese numbering only one-third of all labor employed there. Nevertheless the strength and influence of Japanese capital in Manchuria are constantly increasing; Manchurian industry and commerce are almost monopolized by Japanese, and the capitalists of other countries are pushed away from the territories under Japanese influence.

Furthermore, Japan is not even satisfied with the South Manchurian enterprises and is planning to extend her influence further north and into Inner and Outer Mongolia. As a means to this end Japan chose railroad construction. The Japanese Eastern Company, with headquarters at Korea, and the Japanese millionaire, Okura, hold possessions in Mongolia. They hold large plantations of rice and also various industrial enterprises, in which they use Korean labor. During the World War Japan plotted to place under her influence Siberia, Kamchatka, and Mongolia. The intervention in Siberia was the beginning of realizing that scheme.

All of these plans of Japan failed except those which were related to South Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, although even

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those acquisitions are threatened by awakened China, which insists on the annulment of the remainder of the Twenty-one Demands. Moreover, Japan encounters much more hindrance in the growing influence of USSR in Manchuria and in the whole of China.

The rich resources of Manchuria, which are developing rapidly since Manchuria became linked with the outside world through the South Manchurian and Chinese Eastern railroads, offer the means for creating an independent economic unit. For this purely economic consideration, as well as for its political significance, Manchuria attracts very serious attention among the countries of the world, and especially among the capitalists of Japan. The territory of Manchuria comprises large plains with a soil very favorable for agriculture; its entire population consists of less than fifteen million, i. e., there are only forty inhabitants to each square mile. Japan, having a very small area greatly overpopulated, is coping with a problem which is, owing to an aggressive imperialistic policy, constantly growing worse, as almost all doors are closed to the Japanese. The only open door is Manchuria. Naturally enough, Japan is anxious to intrench in Manchuria and in Inner Mongolia, to turn her immigration wave in that direction, and to develop there her industries and commerce.

The temporary failures of Chang Tso-lin, which have damaged Japanese interests in Manchuria, have also reflected on the governing elements of Japan. The Japanese banks alone lost, when his currency broke, about 400 million yen. His fall would be a most destructive shock to the interests and influence in Manchuria of the Japanese imperialists and capitalists. It may even be that Japan is looking for a war with Soviet Russia. At any rate, she is trying to provoke it through this Manchurian bandit. Apparently Japan is preparing to intervene in Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin is carrying on an aggressive policy with regard to Soviet Russia. He began by demanding the dismissal of the Soviet ambassador from Peking, charging that he was the instigator of the nationalistic movement in China. At present the chief of Manchurian bandits attacks Russia at another front—the Chinese Eastern Railroad. His entire conduct is inspired by the Japanese military clique, which aims to undermine the interests of USSR and to promote Japanese interests in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia.

The USSR and the Chinese Eastern Railway

THE course of the recent Russo-Chinese conflict in North Manchuria is reflected in the vigorous note sent by Chicherin, Commissary for Foreign Affairs, to the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow on September 8.

I have the honor to request you to communicate to the Government of the Chinese Republic the following. Notwithstanding the emphatic warning expressed to the Chinese Government contained in the note of the Soviet Government of August 31, in connection with the illegal demands presented by the authorities of the three eastern provinces of China to the board of the Chinese Eastern Railway to deliver up the river fleet belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway and the dissolution of the education department of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Soviet Government has not only not received a proper reply to its communication from the Chinese Government, but has received information that the authorities of the three eastern provinces have committed further illegal acts. According to this information, on September 2 the Chinese authorities in Harbin forcibly seized all the vessels of the river fleet and all the property appertaining thereto belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway. At the same time the staff of the Chinese Eastern Railway in the offices of the river fleet were ejected and their places were taken by others; the flag of the Chinese Eastern Railway was removed from the vessels and replaced by the flag of the Chinese

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navy. On September 4 the same authorities committed further illegal acts by forcibly ejecting the staff of the Chinese Eastern Railway from the educational department and sealed those premises. Indignantly placing on record these unexampled acts of the local Chinese authorities, which not only flagrantly violate the treaty relations between the USSR and the Chinese Republic, but are absolutely intolerable as between states which are in normal diplomatic relations, the Soviet Government points out that by tolerating such conduct on the part of the authorities of the three eastern provinces the present Chinese Government cannot but agree that serious difficulties are created for the continuation of normal diplomatic relations and consequently it must bear all responsibility for aggravating the relations with the USSR. Reaffirming its declaration that it is fully prepared to give careful consideration to all the controversial questions arising out of the agreements existing between the two governments, the Soviet Government expects the Chinese Government to take urgent measures to secure the immediate cessation of the above-mentioned infringement of its rights, and for the elimination of a situation that may react most unfavorably upon the future diplomatic relations between the two countries. The Soviet Government expresses the firm conviction that, in order to preserve and further develop normal relations between the two states, the Chinese Government will not delay in replying and in taking the necessary measures for the settlement of the conflict with the USSR.

Increase of Wages in the USSR

THE following discussion of increased wages in the Soviet Union was contributed by W. Schmidt, People's Commissar for Labor, to *International Press Correspondence* for October 7:

The resolution of the Council of the People's Commissariat of the Soviet Union, dated September 21, concerning the increase of wages for categories of workers in receipt of the lowest rate of pay, is a measure of very great significance, especially when it is taken into consideration that the advancing of wages during the whole time has not been interrupted and continues constantly. If we regard the months of April to June of the economic year 1922-1923 as representing 100, the average real wage in the whole of industry rose to 124 in the corresponding months of the economic year 1923-1924, to 145 in April to June in the economic year 1924-1925, and to 167 in the corresponding months of the economic year 1925-1926, and, therefore, rose altogether by 67 per cent during this period.

This advance was achieved through a general increase of wages, on the one hand, and, on the other, by the introduction of piece-work for the skilled workers and of supplementary premiums for the laborers. In view of the high piece-work wages the increase of the wages for skilled workers has exceeded the increase in the pay of the laborers.

The growth of the wages of the skilled workers is adequately guaranteed by the system of piece rates, and will still be in the future, as the output of labor increases in consequence of the fresh equipment of industry and the introduction of rational methods of organizing work. This possibility, however, does not exist for unskilled and semi-skilled laborers working at so much per hour, and it is, therefore, necessary to bring their earnings more into accord with those of the skilled workers. This was, and still remains, a task of the labor movement.

A number of measures were adapted to this end: increase of wages for those in receipt of the lowest rates of pay under the collective contracts, increase of salaries of the lowest categories of employees, together with the execution of the standardization of the salaries of civil servants, subsidizing of the local budgets for the purpose of increasing the pay of the low grades, etc.

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These steps did not previously suffice to produce satisfactory results, and it is only now that the consolidated general economic situation affords the possibility of putting through a number of measures in this direction in order to increase the wages of the low-paid workers. But even these measures must be effected without causing a strain to our currency and without entailing other undesirable economic consequences.

It is, therefore, necessary, in accordance with the resolution of the Council of People's Commissariats, dated September 21, that we pay close attention during the year 1926-1927 to the increasing of the wages, especially of the low-paid groups of workers in industry, transport, post, and telegraph services, in consonance with their financial possibilities.

A faulty calculation in advancing wages would certainly provoke, apart from financial difficulties for the industrial branches concerned, a number of difficulties in the goods market, for every increase of the purchasing power of the population, not backed by a corresponding increase in the quantity of goods available, would lead to a weakening of the purchasing power of the ruble and, consequently, of the real wages of all workers.

A badly planned advance of wages for the groups left at a disadvantage would not only injure the position of these groups but would also be detrimental to the whole of the working class. Therefore, an increase of wages can only be permitted to an extent of 10 per cent for the low-paid groups of workers engaged in production, and then only in the following branches in which wages are depressed: coal mining, ore mining, individual branches of the metal industry, of the textile industry, and the chemical industry, the match industry, glass manufacture, china manufacture, and special production, and, finally, the railway, post, and telegraph services.

The percentage of the advances and the distribution of the increases among the lowest ratings of workers will be fixed upon the revision of the collective contracts in the branches concerned when the period of validity of the old collective contracts has elapsed. If the date of the fresh conclusion of the collective contracts be postponed, the advance in wages will be calculated as from the moment of expiration of the old contracts.

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